The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A SUMMER DAY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELLEN WHEELER.

There's a gaping rent in the curtain
That longs for a needle and thread,
There's a garment that ought to be finished,
And a book that wants to be read.
There's a letter that ought to be answered,
There are clothes to fold away,
And I know these tasks are waiting,
And ought to be done to-day.

But how can I mend the curtain,
While watching this silvery cloud,
And how can I finish the garment,
When the robin calls so loud.
And the whispering trees are telling
Such stories above my head,
That I can but lie and listen,
And the book is all unread.

If I try to write the letter,
I am sure one half the words
Will be in the curious language
Of my chattering friends, the birds.
The lilacs bloom in the sunshine,
The roses nod and smile,
And the clothes that ought to be folded
And ironed, must wait awhile.

I lie in the locust shadows,
And gaze at the summer sky,
Bidding the cares and troubles
And trials of life pass by.
The beautiful locust blossoms
Are falling about my feet,
And the dreamy air is laden
With their odors rare and sweet.

The honey-bees hum in the clover,
The grasses rise and fall,
The robin stops and listens,
As he hears the brown thrush call.
The humming-bird sings to me softly,
The butterfly flirts away—
Oh what could be sweeter than living,
This beautiful summer day!

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE EVENING LIGHT.

Nothing could be more beautiful. The sun was sinking in the west, casting direct rays on the long line of blue water, in a flood of golden brightness. It shone on the white sails of the pleasure-boats, on the fishing-craft putting out for their night's work; it brought into clearer distinctness the fine vessels passing far away on their course; it played on the chain of mountains that terminated the land prospect to the right, stretching their undulating outline miles on in the distance. Calm, soothing, still. The turbulent sea waves were unseen this evening; the froth and foam rose not. All the world seemed to be at rest from its troubles and its turmoil, its sinful passions and petty strifes, as if it would impart to man's hearts a foretaste of that peace which shall be realized only in heaven.

The place, Little Bay, was a small quiet Welsh watering-place, where the bathing was good, the air salubrious, and the sea-view of vast extent. Little frequented in those earlier days, it was of meek pretension and very reasonable, entertaining no prevision of the fashionable resort it was destined afterwards to become.

Within a large open bow-window, partly looking out on the scene that one of them so loved, partly listening to the desultory talk of a gentleman who stood outside and leaned his arms on its frame, were two girls. She who was next to him, answering his repartees before they were well spoken, was richly dressed in charming blue silk and lace—a young, fair, bright girl of seventeen, in appearance almost a child; her laughing eyes of a purple blue, her hair dark brown and luxuriant, her cheeks rivalling the hue of the damask rose—altogether as lovely a vision of beauty as ever enthralled the senses of man. The other was very nice-looking also, but of quieter aspect. A gentle girl, she, just nineteen, with large shy hazel eyes, hair of a lighter shade of brown, a complexion fair and rather pale—a soft sweet face that was pleasant to look upon. She was taller than her companion, and yet not more than of middle height; her dress was a simple muslin, costing at most but a few shillings. You cannot judge by dress of the ways and means of its wearer, as all the world knows. The richly-dressed girl in her blue silk and its costly Honiton lace—Caroline Kage—had been straitened in means all her life, and never expected to be lifted out of the straits except by some fortunate marriage; the other would probably inherit at least a hundred thousand pounds, for she was one of the daughters of the rich Mr. Canterbury, of Chilling.

And he who talked to them—Thomas Kage? He was a barrister by profession, and had to work hard for his living, not expecting to be helped by so much as a shilling from anybody in the world. A slight-made man, appearing from his slenderness almost of middle height, but not so in reality. His hair and eyes were dark; his face, nothing to boast of, was honest, genial, true. People called Thomas Kage "plain," and plain he was, judging him by the lines of severe beauty; but the countenance was a *good* countenance, carrying its own index straight to the hearts of discerning men.

"WHICH OF THE TWO HAD LEARNT TO LOVE HIM MOST, IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT TO SAY."

It was the third week in September; they had gone to the seaside the third week in August; so that for a month now he and these two girls had been daily and almost hourly companions. The result was one that is not rare. Which of the two had learnt to love him most, it would be difficult to say. Millicent Canterbury had never met him in her life before; Caroline Kage had, though not frequently: he and she were cousins several degrees removed.

"Why are you so serious, Miss Canterbury?" he suddenly asked, bending his head more forward to look at her were she sat, a little back from the window.

"Am I serious?" she returned, a pink blush mantling in her smooth cheek at his words, and she bent her too-conscious face to hide it.

"At least, you are silent."

"I was listening to you and Caroline."

"I think you generally prefer listening to talking," he said, a smile of rare sweetness breaking over his lips. That smile was the one sole beauty of Thomas Kage's face, redeeming it from its reproach while it lasted.

"Do I?"

Do I! Carelessly though the answering words were given, Millicent Canterbury knew that the charge was widely true, and the pink blush increased to crimson. When in his presence, she could no more have been free of tongue than a mute: her love for him was earnest, real, passionate; and this same love, as most of us know, chains the lips when in the presence of its idol.

"And do you agree with Caroline or with me?"

"With you," Millicent was obliged to confess, for she was of a straightforward nature, knowing nothing of evasion; but the avowal caused the crimson to become as a very spot of fire; "for I feel sure Mrs. Kage will not allow us to go."

They had been discussing a projected sail for the morrow, these two girls, with Miss Annesley, as companion, who was staying with them, and Mr. Kage as protector. Caroline spoke of it as an event sure and decided; he had quietly declared it would turn out "all moonshine."

"You will see," continued Miss Kage. "Leta, what in the world are your cheeks so scarlet for? And I think it is exceedingly wicked of you, Thomas, to throw cold water on what I propose."

Thomas Kage laughed.

"Cold water! Ah, Caroline, if you only knew how hot the water I would throw, if that might bring the sail to fruition!" he pursued in a tone of graver meaning. "The prospect of taking you is delightful, but it will not be realized. As Miss Canterbury says, your mother would not permit it."

"It is so stupid of her to be afraid of the water," spoke Caroline, hastily. "As if people got drowned in a calm sea!"

He made no reply, only glanced at her, and something like emotion passed over her lovely face. She was conscious, and he was conscious, that Mrs. Kage's veto would not be laid upon the expedition on account of any danger they might incur, although it was true that she was a coward in regard to the water, but because she was beginning to dread this frequent and close companionship.

"Mrs. Kage regards the sea as a treacherous ogre waiting always to swallow up the unwary who may venture on it, you know, Caroline," he remarked, indifferently, as he opened a book he held and turned over its pages.

"What will you says to me to-morrow morning if I meet you, with the news that I have persuaded mamma into consenting?"

"I shall say you are the dearest cousin in the world—"

"That's easily said when you have no other at all," he petulantly interrupted.

"And the most clever of diplomatists," he continued. "You should let a man finish, Caroline. I wish you success—but I have no expectation that the wish will be realized."

"What kind of wish do you call that, pray?"

"A faithless one, I suppose."

"Just so. And I will convict you of shame when I bring you mamma's consent."

"So be it, Caroline," he answered.—"And you, Miss Canterbury? You have not said you will go. Will you?"

"Yes, I—I think so," was the reply, given with some hesitation. "I don't care much to go on the sea."

"Why, I have heard you say that you love the sea."

"I love to look at it. Seeing it as we do from these windows, I cannot imagine anything in the world so beautiful. I could look at it for ever, and not be tired: watching its changing colors; speculating on the large vessels that pass; seeing what they do in the little boats cruising off the land. My love for the sea is something strange. But *on* it I am nearly as great a coward as Mrs. Kage: and in rough weather I am so sea-sick!"

He laughed at the wind-up. Caroline Kage spoke rather testily.

"There's no particular necessity for your going into raptures over the sea, Leta, if you do love it."

"No," said Leta, in a meek tone, "of course not."

They called her "Leta" almost always. When a little child, before she was able to speak plain, she had so pronounced her own name Millicent; the appellation had never left her, and never would.

The sun went down in a blaze of gold. The clear and beautiful opal tints, seen only in the north-western sky, succeeded to it; and still Thomas Kage stood on.

Suddenly, as if prompted by some momentary recollection, he removed his arms from the window to look at his watch; and Caroline saw the movement with a jealous eye and failing heart. It seemed to foreshadow his departure; and she would willingly have kept him by her side for ever.

"Why do you not come in, Thomas! The idea of having stayed outside all this while?"

"I cannot come in now. I promised my mother to be with her for tea."

"How many more evenings will you tell us that? Your mother is very exacting."

"Never was there a mother less so," he rejoined, emphatically, a glow on his honest face. "But she likes to have me with her at tea; and I have been keeping her waiting for it. Tiresome circus, both of you, to enchain a fellow so, and cause him to forget the hour-glass! Farewell, and better manners to you."

He turned down the gravel path with a quick step—the house stood back in a garden—passed through the gate, and nodded gaily as he raised his hat. It was as if a shadow had fallen on the hearts of both; and they listened in silence and sadness to the echo of his fleet footsteps.

He had set off to run as though he were a school-boy. Turning a bend of the road, a lady came in view, and he had to slacken speed. It was Miss Annesley; she had come to Little Bay with Mrs. Kage.

"Are you bound for Mrs. Garston's?" she stopped to ask.

"Not now. I am hastening home to my mother."

"That is well," returned Miss Annesley, quaintly. "Had you been going to Mrs. Garston, I should have said, don't go. She is cross this evening; cross with you."

"I know I ought to have gone there," he confessed, a smile breaking over his face. "That's it, I suppose?"

"That is it. And I was charged to tell you, if we by chance met, that she would not receive you now until to-morrow. She means it, Mr. Kage."

"Very well. I'll go and make my peace with her then. Thank you. Farewell for the present."

Resuming his quick pace, he gained the door of a pretty cottage, also facing the sea. A staid, hard woman of fifty, as tall as a lighthouse, admitted him.

"You have kept your mother waiting a long while, Mr. Thomas," was the greeting he received, delivered with a severe countenance. "She'd not let the tea be made till you came in."

"I am very sorry, Dorothy," he answered, never thinking, as most men at his age would, that it was nearly time Dorothy left off her lectures to him. She had nursed him when a baby, and been his mother's ever-faithful attendant since, through good and ill, for eight-and-twenty years. "I did not happen to look at my watch, and the time slipped on."

"I think I'd leave the coming home to meals an open question, if I were you, sir, while we are here. My lady ought to have had her tea early this evening, for she's got a fearful bad headache come on."

The keeping the "meals" waiting by so much as five minutes was amidst the catalogue of Dorothy's cardinal sins; and Thomas Kage was aware he had not been strictly punctual of late.

"A headache!" he repeated, in some surprise; for Lady Kage was not subject to the malady.

"Yes, she have," said Dorothy, as Thomas went in.

At the open window of the sitting-room sat Lady Kage—a gentle, thoughtful woman, with a countenance good as his own, and a voice as sweet. She had but reached the age of what women are apt to call middle life; but she was in ill health, and her delicate face looked careworn.

"My darling mother!" he said, kissing her fondly; "I am so sorry."

"Sorry for what, Thomas?"

"For keeping you waiting tea. Why did you not take it? Dorothy says your head is bad."

She kept his hand in hers; and her eyes, looking up to his, were full of smiles.

"Dorothy has been talking, I see."

"That she has, giving it me well. But you ought to have had your tea, mother dear. You don't know how these things pain me."

"They need not, Thomas."

"They do, though, and bring home to me all my selfish ingratitude. If I were wanting my tea, and you out, I should be sure to order it without thought of you."

"That you would not, if you expected me to come home; no, though your head were splitting for want of it, which mine is not."

"I don't know how I came to let the time slip on unheeded. I was talking with Miss Canterbury and Caroline. What can have given you the headache, mother?"

"I think I walked too far this morning. I mean to have a day's whole rest to-morrow indoors."

It may almost be said that Lady Kage answered mechanically; for her thoughts, as she spoke, were far away. The time had slipped on unheeded, "talking with Miss Canterbury and Caroline."

Mr. Kage's apologies of late had been so entirely similar to this present one, that the suspicion hovering in his mother's mind grew greater and greater. That he must be learning to love one of those two young ladies she felt as sure of as though she could look into his heart and read it. Which of them was it?

Dorothy brought in the tea-tray, and placed it on the side of the table farthest from her mistress.

"Mr. Thomas can pour it out this evening, as you feel ill, my lady," decided she, with the privileged authority of one used to have her way. "It's quite ready, sir."

He laughed as he sat down, saying he hoped he should not put the cream and sugar into the teapot instead of the cups.

Thomas Kage had not roughed it in chambers or lodgings as three-parts of the young men have: his mother's home in London was his home, and his mother indulgently did all things for him. The world guessed little how very simple the home was, or how entirely happy they were in it. Mother and son have rarely been so bound in heart together.

Awkwardly, as most unaccustomed men, Thomas Kage served his mother with her tea first, and then poured out his own. He was quite unconscious that his cup was consequently the stronger of the two. He would have given her every good at his own expense that this world can bestow, and thought it no sacrifice.

"You say you have been with the two young ladies this evening?" observed Lady Kage.

"Are you sure I have put enough cream and sugar? Yes, I have been with them."

"As usual—as usual, Thomas. Are you drifting into love for either of them?"

"Mother!"

It was all very well to say "Mother!" and to say it with a start; but Lady Kage could not avoid seeing one thing,—that her son's face grew red and conscious as a girl's. She knew now that she was not mistaken. He upset some water on the tea-tray, in a sudden effort to drown the teapot.

"Which of the two is it, Thomas?" she quietly asked.

By this time he was recovering self-possession and equanimity. He looked at his mother in the twilight, and then sent his good, dark, candid eyes rather far out to sea through the open window.

"Mother, I think you are mistaken; I hope you are. The maddest thing I could do would be to fall in love with any girl, no matter whom she might be. It may be years—years and years—before my circumstances enable me to think of a wife, if they ever do."

"That is just it, Thomas. Otherwise—"

"Otherwise I might be at liberty to fall in to-morrow," he said with a laugh. "Ah, yes; we all have to bend to circumstances."

Lady Kage did not dismiss her opinion, but would not seem to pursue it.

"Which of the two (if either) would your choice have fallen upon, Thomas? Miss Canterbury?"

"Miss Canterbury!" he echoed in surprise so genuine that something like a chill struck across his mother's heart, and destroyed a vision that had been rearing itself in fondness before her mind. "You must be dreaming, mother dear. Miss Canterbury will count her money by scores of thousands, perhaps by hundreds of thousands. Old Canterbury may be worth a million."

"If Millicent Canterbury is rich in wealth, you are rich in worth, Thomas. A union between you would not be unequal."

He smiled and shook his head at the thought of his mother's partiality; but his answer was given in a tone of firm decision.

"It would be so unequal, my mother, that I should never attempt to entertain it for a moment—no, not though I were dying of love for her. But the thought of loving Millicent Canterbury has never entered my head; so be at ease."

"I could not have wished a better wife for you than Millicent Canterbury; I never met a sweeter girl," spoke Lady Kage. "As to Caroline, Millicent is worth a thousand of her."

"Caroline is as poor as I am; and, therefore, to speak of marriage in connection with her, would be talking fruitless nonsense," returned Mr. Kage, an embarrassment in his tone that his mother did not like to hear, for it betrayed too surely where his affections lay. And there ensued a silence.

Thomas broke it. Lifting his head, after a pause of thought, he looked full at his mother in the deepening twilight, as if he deemed it well to set the matter at rest, for himself as well as her.

"I was twenty-seven last July, mother, as you know; and I am earning so little at my profession, as you also know, getting on so slowly in it—not at all, in fact—that the chances are I may attain to forty years of age without being able to keep a wife as I should like to keep her. Believe me, therefore, there is no danger, no hope, that I can or shall fall in love to any purpose. I

may cast a fancy here, I may cast it there, but nothing is likely to result from it."

"I should not wish you get into hopeless love," spoke Lady Kage in a low tone.

"Nor I. But if I did, I could bear it."

The beautiful opal tints in the clear north-western sky grew less distinct in the fading light. Lady Kage, her head growing more painful, went up to bed; and Thomas sat alone, with his own reflections.

No, there might be no thought of marriage for him. As to this pleasant dream he had been lately falling into, why, let him dream on while he might; it would not be for so very long. In October the seaside party would disperse, he and his mother for London, the others for their far-away home. And then? Then would come for him the old working life again, during which he should *forget*—forget, or pretend at it. And she—

"Ain't there no lights wanted here?"

The interruption came from Dorothy. She had opened the door, crusty still, to ask; and Thomas Kage awoke out of himself to find it was as dark as it would be that night.

No, no lights yet. The clock was striking eight, and he put on his hat and went out.

Calm, warm, light, and lovely was the night. The clear sky was luminous, the lights from the different vessels on the sea twinkled like stars. Passing down a turning, he came to a house that, in comparison with the cottage rented by his mother, looked like a mansion. A footman answered his knock.

"Has Mrs. Garston retired to her room?"

"No, sir, not yet."

"Say to her, then, that I send in my kind regards, and will come to see her after breakfast in the morning."

Regard for the very old lady prompted him to come and say this. Mrs. Garston was eighty years of age. Never had living man a kinder heart than Thomas Kage, and he was grieved to have failed in his customary visit to her. And he departed on his way again.

On the lawn before Mrs. Kage's house, flitting about in freedom, were the two girls. Mr. Kage joined them. Now they stood together at the railings, watching the aforesaid lights, and tracking the vessels on their gentle course; now they paced the walks, now rested on the green bench under the mulberry-tree. But the same low, unconsciously tender interchange of converse was ever there. The companionship, becoming all too sweet, was not interrupted. Every minute, every hour, as they went by, did but add strength to the links of the chain by which fate was winding the three hearts together; indissolubly, but in a cross and contrary fashion, as it is in the nature of Fate to do.

"Love took up the glass of time, and turned
it in his glowing hands;
Every moment lightly shaken ran itself in
golden sands."

They would have lingered on until midnight, but at nearly ten o'clock out came Miss Annesley. She was a good and true young woman, wanting some years of thirty, amiable, prudent, sensible, and calm of temperament, as it is only right the daughter of an earnest clergyman should be.

"Mrs. Kage is so vexed that you should be out of doors. She wishes you to come in at once."

"Oh, mamma has woke up at last, has she?" responded Caroline, carelessly. "A little the worse in temper for her long sleep, I suppose."

"You must know, Caroline, that it is high time you did come in," said Miss Annesley.

"There, don't preach, Sarah; we are coming." And Millicent was the first to hasten in.

Years and years before—say thirty—an officer who had risen rapidly in India came home on a three years' leave, with his wife and little daughter, Colonel Sir Charles Kage, K. C. B. He was without connections, in the sense that the word is generally understood, only possessing a few plain relatives. But a K. C. B. is sure to find friends in plenty; and Sir Charles's London residence was soon overflowing with them. Amidst others frequenting it was a peer who had nearly come to the end of his available income—his children having considerably assisted in its disposal—and consequently he put off a small portion of his superfluous pride—Lord Gunse.

The object which had chiefly brought Sir Charles Kage home was the ill-health of his wife. Just for a few weeks she rallied, but only to sink again; and in less than six months from the day of their landing in England, she died. The little girl, Charlotte, was six years old then, and Sir Charles immediately took a young lady into his house as her governess. She was a Miss Carr, a gentle, retiring, unpretending girl, who kept herself in all humility out of the way of Sir Charles's guests, and learnt to love the little Charlotte. If the guests by chance saw her, they took no notice of her. Lord Gunse and Lady Gunse and the Honorable Misses Gunse quite ignored her. In point of fact, these aristocratic people, had they condescended to think of the nursery governess at all, would have classed her as a domestic. She was of no family; perhaps had never had as much as a father and mother.

Lady Gunse and the Misses Gunse were at that time very much at Sir Charles Kage's house, consoling the bereaved widower. It was thought by the maid-servants (who are generally shrewd lookers-on) that their master might have had any one of the three honorable young ladies for the asking. A fine man of only five-and-forty, a K. C. B. already, and with plenty of service before him, would be a prize undoubtedly in the matrimonial market.

What, then, must have been the shocked indignation of this noble family to awake one morning to the news of Sir Charles Kage's marriage! Just twelve months after the death of his wife he quietly led to church the nursery governess, saying nothing to anybody. When taxed with his crime by Lord Gunse (out of pure regard for Sir Charles of course and his blighted interests), the brave soldier wrung the peer's hand, and avowed that the good qualities of Maria Carr had won his esteem and love, and that he could not have given the little Charlotte a more loving and admirable mother had he taken the whole world to pick and choose from. Of course she was young; he did not deny that; but every year as it went by would remedy the defect.

"She is of no family," groaned the wrathful peer.

"No family!" repeated Sir Charles. "My dear lord, she is of as good a family as mine."

And thus the patient, humble governess, Maria Carr, had become the second Lady Kage.

Poor young wife. A child was born to her in due course, a little boy, who was named Thomas Charles Carr, and she was the happiest of the happy. Sir Charles waited for the christening, and then went back to India, for his leave was up. Lady Kage did not accompany him. He was tender of her, as though she were some rare and precious plant, and he knew she was scarcely yet strong enough to bear the fatigue of travel. In the course of the year she and Charlotte and the boy-baby should come out to him, he said; and so they parted, parted to meet no more in this world, for Sir Charles Kage died very soon after regaining India.

Upon her slender pension, which would die with her, Lady Kage had lived since, devoting herself to the two children, her step-daughter and son, with equal care and love. None save herself and Dorothy, and perhaps her dutiful, thoughtful boy, knew how she had managed, and cut and contrived her income, so as to educate them well and to give him his terms at college. Dorothy—faithful to her young mistress, stern to everybody else, eating ever the bread of carefulness, and seeing that the rest ate it, doing the work of ten—made a boast of waiting on her lady as efficiently in her one sole person as if she had had at command a leash of help-mates.

So the years passed on, and the children grew up. Charlotte married; Thomas qualified himself for the Bar. And when it might have seemed that Lady Kage could have taken some ease from her solicitude and care, her health began to fail—very gradually at first. Even Dorothy saw nothing of it; but the development of the disease, which the doctors thought was connected with the heart, was more rapid, and anxiety supervened. Not yet alarm. This visit to the salubrious Welsh watering-place was made at her son's earnest solicitation, in the hope that change of air might restore her. How anxiously Thomas looked at her morning after morning he strove to hide from all eyes, and he forced to confess to his heart secretly that he did not discern much improvement.

Back again for an instant to the time of Colonel Sir Charles Kage's residence in London. At his house there was frequently to be met a distant cousin of his, Alfred Kage, for whom he had purchased a commission, and otherwise befriended. He was a very handsome and gentlemanly young fellow, good-natured, empty-headed. The Honorable Misses Gunse liked to talk nonsense with him, especially the youngest of them, Caroline, who was as empty-headed as himself. After the startling marriage of Sir Charles, Lord Gunse gave orders that the intimacy between the two houses should peremptorily cease. This was accomplished; but Lieutenant Kage and Caroline Gunse had grown really attached to each other; and, some two or three years afterwards, she married him in defiance of parental displeasure. They had nothing but his pay; and therefore the union, to a person of the Honorable Caroline Gunse's expensive tastes, could not be said to have turned out felicitously. He lived but about ten years, attained to a captaincy only, and left her with one child, Caroline, almost an infant. Mrs. Kage, who was the Honorable Mrs. Kage in spite of her poverty, and prided herself upon the fact, retired to Chilling, a village on the borders of Wales, noted for its lovely scenery and for the reasonable rates of rent and provisions, and there established herself. She had her pension, and also a small income left her by one of her sisters—altogether about five hundred a year. Caroline was turned seventeen now, more lovely than her mother used to be, and quite as willful.

It was somewhat curious that Mrs. Kage and Lady Kage should have come to sojourn by accident this year at the same watering-place. They had met occasionally in the past thirty years; but the old dislike and scorn felt for the governess, who had forgotten herself so completely as to suffer a K. C. B. to marry her, had little, if at all, abated. The Honorable Mrs. Kage was decorously civil when face to face with her; but she generally had recourse to an essence-bottle if Lady Kage's name was by chance mentioned, as if it brought some infection with it. Mrs. Kage had grown into a sigh-away, die-away lady now, liking to pass her time on a sofa, surrounded by shawls and scents and easy indolence. Her soft languor and show of sweetness, her subdued voice of affectation, might have taken in a saint; but there lived not a woman in this world of deceit more utterly heartless, more intensely, selfishly alive to her own interests, than the widow of Alfred Kage.

It is not a nice thing to say of a woman that she is made up of craft within and artlessness without; but it must be said of Mrs. Kage, for it was the simple truth. Even in this visit of hers to the seaside she had craftily contrived to come free, at the cost of others. But for having her expenses paid, she could not have ventured on it at all. The two young ladies she had brought with her—Sarah Annesley, the only child of the Rector of Chilling, and Millicent, the youngest daughter of the wealthy George Canterbury—had their share of the cost so liberally provided, especially the latter, that Mrs. Kage's pocket escaped scot-free, as she had meant it to do. In her sweetly-artless manner, she had affectionately enlarged to Mr. Canterbury on the necessity of some bracing sea-air for his youngest and prettiest daughter; she had assured old Parson Annesley it would be more than good for Sarah; she had enlisted warmly the wishes of the two young ladies themselves; and the thing was done.

They came to Little Bay; and Mrs. Kage was not agreeably surprised to find that Lady Kage, with her son, had also taken possession of a cottage in the same place, not three days before. Mrs. Kage, making the best of things, was civil, but capricious and affected in manner, and held herself as much aloof as she could. She need not have feared: Lady Kage was too ill to seek for even her society; but Thomas, quite unconscious that Mrs. Kage looked down on his mother, or wished to slight her, grew intimate with them, and was at their house continually. Had he been compelled to say which of the two ladies bore the higher position, he might in his simplicity have awarded it to Lady Kage. So how was it likely to cross his mind that his mother was despised?

Miss Annesley, as you have seen, came forth to the garden to interrupt the subtly-dangerous companionship, and bid them enter. On the chintz sofa, having woke up from a longer evening nap than usual, sat Mrs. Kage, with her fan and her essence-bottles—a small, slender gentlewoman, with a faded face and a faded cap, and faded straw-colored hair. The cheeks would have been faded too, but for the delicate carmine daily imparted to them in her toilet-chamber. She took out the stopper of her smelling-salts as they entered, and held it to her nose, speaking softly.

"My dear children, how could you think of being out in the air so late? Did *you* keep them, Thomas Kage?" with a slight accession of acrimony.

"I am not sure but I did; and I have come in to take the blame," he lightly answered, with the ever-cordial tone in his true voice. "But it is a warm, genial night, Mrs. Kage—one to tempt even you."

Mrs. Kage languidly opened her fan, and did not seem to hear. She had the gift of being deaf when occasion needed it.

Caroline went to the piano. Sometimes he sang with them, or stood by listening to their songs. She glanced round for him now.

"No, Caroline, I cannot stay to-night."

But that Caroline turned her face back, and kept it turned, Mrs. Kage might have read the look of blank disappointment which rose at the words. It was getting late, he added, and his mother was ill.

"Quite right, certainly," spoke Mrs. Kage. "Don't you think that your mother—ah—gives way a little?" she continued, having made the pause to flirt some drops out of her cologne-water phial.

"Gives way! my mother?" he rejoined in surprise. "If you only knew how earnest and energetic she is in all her duties, you would not fancy so. My great fear now is, that she is exerting herself beyond her strength, simply because she will not give way to illness."

"Possibly," rejoined Mrs. Kage, with gentle indifference, as she resumed her fan, "Good-night to you, if you must go."

In an opportunity that occurred presently, when she and her daughter were alone, Mrs. Kage took occasion to remark, in her languid manner, that she thought they had rather much of Thomas Kage's company, and to wonder why he came. Caroline laughed a forced laugh. The words seemed to be spoken without ulterior motive; but she was quite conscious that her mother shot a keen glance at her from the depths of her cold, light eyes.

"What if I were to tell you, mamma, that he comes for Leta?"

For once in her life, Mrs. Kage was startled into sincerity. The notion of connecting Thomas Kage's visits with Millicent Canterbury had never presented itself to her mind.

"For Leta!"

"One cannot help one's thoughts, mamma. Of course, it is all pure nonsense; it could not turn out anything else, with Thomas Kage's poor prospects; but I'm sure there is a little bit of fancy between them, especially on Leta's side."

Caroline's pretty face wore a heightened color, as she toyed with one of her mother's essence-bottles. Perfectly conscious was she of the deliberate deceit. She did not scruple to speak it, for it threw off suspicion from herself.

"Dear me!"

"And he wants to take us all for a sail to-morrow—Sarah, and Leta, and me. I promised for them; I knew you would let us go."

Mrs. Kage leaned back on the sofa, her mind relieved. For Caroline to fall in love where there was no money would have been intolerable—her own fate enacted over again: but Leta Canterbury was different. If she and Thomas Kage chose to lapse into a liking for each other, why, they must get out of it again in the best way they could. Selfish, selfish woman!

"Yes," she said; "I don't mind your going, with Sarah to chaperone you, for a sail, should the sea be calm. I suppose he understands the management of boats."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Poisonous Dyes.

The Chicago journals contain accounts of the supposed fatal poisoning of a gentleman of that city from wearing French socks, composed of fine thread material, with bright scarlet bottoms. The symptoms are described as follows:—A short time after wearing the socks, the feet began to swell painfully, and the disease then extended rapidly, in the form of white blisters, to other parts of the body. At first the patient was thought to be suffering from an attack of erysipelas, but a subsequent minute examination of the socks developed the fact that in the bright red coloring matter was contained a principle of acute poison, the absorption of which into the sensitive sole of the foot had been aided by abundant perspiration, until it had taken complete possession of the system. Every remedy was applied, but to no purpose, and at the last accounts all hope of recovery had been abandoned.

☞ Mrs. A. is well-known as one of those malignant Christians who, as Hood says, "think they're pious when they're only bilious," and who furnish their highest evidence of religion by perpetually recommending it to other people, as if it were an article they wish to dispose of, to keep it from spoiling. Brown was asked if he didn't think she was "deeply pious. "Yes," said Brown, "her piety is so *deep* that I never could *see any bottom to it!*"

☞ The New York Mail remarks that Mrs. Stanton is the salt, Anna Dickinson the pepper, and Miss Anthony the vinegar of the Female Suffrage movement.

☞ "Father," says a young girl, "lend me 'L'Homme Qui Rit.'" "Never, it is too dangerous a book." "Dangerous?" "Certainly! Yesterday evening I went to sleep while reading it, and my curtains caught fire and were completely destroyed."

☞ "The penalty for walking on a railroad track in England is ten pounds," said one, while discussing the numerous fatal accidents on a railroad. "Pooh!" replied Uncle Jerry, "is that all? The penalty in this country is death."

☞ First American Traveller—"The New York Photos are first-class."

Second Ditto—"Ya'as; but I'll wait till I get to Rome, and her one taken by one of the old masters."

☞ There is a lady in Sutton, New York, who was married at twelve years of age, who is the mother of sixteen children, weighs 210 pounds, and is "fair, fat and forty."

☞ One afternoon during the election disturbances in Paris, a card was seen in a shop on the Boulevards, announcing, "Window to let for to-night's riot. Price 20f."

☞ Sir Robert Clifton, who died recently in England, had £250,000 insurance on his life. Most of the policies were held as security for advances made the deceased.

☞ The Italian name of strawberry is *fragola*—fragrant.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$6.00**; Five copies (and one extra) **$8.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12.00**. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00**. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent gratis—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply the back numbers of THE POST to February 20th, containing the whole of "CUT ADRIFT; OR, THE TIDE OF FATE," by Miss Amanda M. Douglas, of "THE RED COURT FARM," by Mrs. Henry Wood, and the early portions of "The Last of the Incas," by Gustave Aimard. Also a large variety of short stories, miscellaneous articles, &c.

INDUCEMENTS.

In the way of new Novelets we announce:—

The Last of the Incas.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

George Canterbury's Will;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Roland Yorke," &c.

A Family Failing.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," &c.

With OTHER NOVELETS and SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

We also give a large amount of Interesting and Instructive matter, in the way of SKETCHES, HISTORICAL FACTS, NEWS, AGRICULTURAL INFORMATION, &c., &c.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for this year, at a cost for the mere engraving alone, of nearly $1,000!

When it is considered that the yearly terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received. And our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs. If any of our readers has a friend who he thinks would like to take the paper, send us the address, and we will send him or her a specimen.

George Canterbury's Will;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE," &c.

In the present number of THE POST we commence a new Serial with the above title, by our gifted contributor, Mrs. Henry Wood.

This will be an excellent opportunity to commence subscriptions to THE POST. We shall print an extra edition of the early numbers of this story—but those who wish it would do well to apply as soon as possible.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.—The August number of this "Queen of the Monthlies" is adorned with a beautiful steel engraving of those two youthful lovers, "Paul and Virginia"—a double-paged and handsomely colored Fashion Plate, containing the latest Paris styles—a picture of Maidenhood, in illustration of Longfellow's sweet poem—and the usual number of miscellaneous engravings, illustrating sea-side costumes, children's fashions, hats, head-dresses, dinner and walking toilets, &c., &c. The music of this month is a ballad, "The Rose of Erin." The literary contents are "An Ill Wind that Blow Somebody Good," by Madge Carrol; "The Heart's Complaint," by Una Loche; "Jarring Chords," by A. M. Dana, and "Bitter or Sweet," by Florence Percy. Those fascinating novelets, "Roland Yorke; or, Done in Passion," by Mrs. Henry Wood, and "Between Two," by Miss Elizabeth Prescott, are continued. We are glad to see that the editor, in her usual sensible way, objects decidedly to the high-heel folly. Published by Deacon & Peterson, 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia, at $2.50 a year (which also includes a large steel engraving.) Four copies, $6. Five copies (and one gratis,) $8. "The Lady's Friend" and "The Saturday Evening Post" (and *one* engraving,) $4.00. Specimen numbers sent for ten cents.

CREDO. This book is a discussion of the disputed doctrines of evangelical Christianity, the author taking the orthodox point of view. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

RHETORIC: A Text-Book, designed for use in Schools and Colleges, and for Private Study. By Rev. E. O. HAVEN, LL. D., President of the University of Michigan. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

FAMOUS LONDON MERCHANTS. A Book for Boys. By H. R. FOX BOURNE, author of "English Merchants," &c. Illustrated. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

CORD AND CREESE. By the author of "The Dodge Club." Illustrated. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP ON HIS WAY THROUGH THE WORLD. By W. P. THACKERAY, author of "Vanity Fair," &c. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF WOMAN AND HER DISEASES FROM INFANCY TO OLD AGE. By C. MORRILL, M. D. Sixth Edition. Published by James Campbell, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada. Price $1.50.

LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, WITH A SECRET HISTORY OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY, GATHERED "BEHIND THE SCENES IN RICHMOND." Containing Curious and Extraordinary Information of the Principal Southern Characters in the Late War, in connection with President Davis, and in relation to the various intrigues of his Administration. By EDWARD A. POLLARD, author of "The Lost Cause," &c. Issued by Subscription only, and not for sale in the book stores. Persons desiring a copy should address the publishers, and an Agent will call upon them. Published by the National Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, and Atlanta, Georgia.

THE HOLLANDS. By VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND. A story by Miss Townsend, which is said to be in her usual charming and instructive style. Published by Loring, Boston; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

The Heart.

The effect of everything that touches the heart is multiplied by the heart's own changes. Hence, also, it never wearies. Let me remind you of the work done by our hearts in a day. A man's total outward work, his whole effect upon the world, in twenty-four hours, has been reckoned at about three hundred and fifty foot tons. That may be taken as a good, "hard day's work." During the same time the heart has been working at the rate of one hundred and fifty foot tons. That is to say, if all the pulses of a day and night could be welded into one great throb, that throb would be enough to throw a ton of iron one hundred and twenty feet into the air. And yet the heart is never weary.

Many of us are tired after but feeble labors; few of us can hold a poker out at arm's length without, after a few minutes, dropping it. But a healthy heart, and many an unsound heart, too—though sometimes you can tell in the evening, by its stroke, that it has been vexed during the day, that it has been thrown off its balance by the turmoils and worries of life, goes on beating through the night while we are asleep, and when we awake in the morning, we find it at work, fresh as if it had only just begun to beat. It does this because upon each stroke of work there follows a period, a brief but real period, of rest; because the next stroke which comes is but the natural sequence of that rest, and made to match it; because, in fact, each beat is in force, in scope, in character, in everything, the simple expression of the heart's own energy and state.—*Wonders of the Heart's Action, in Appleton's Journal.*

What Editors Have to Do.

If we reflect upon the variety of matter in a newspaper; that the work has to be done rapidly, and cannot in many particulars have the deliberation of the closet, from the very nature of the case; that, no matter what takes place, the comment thereon must be made, the demands of the situation being as remorseless as tide or time, moving on regardless of affliction, misfortune, death—when we consider these things and more that we might mention, all will understand that the general accuracy of the press and its general character for literary excellence are something remarkable. That, under these circumstances, the daily press of the country makes a few blunders; mixes up dates or facts badly; kills a dead man now and then, or buries a live one; misrepresents an opponent, or too warmly eulogizes a friend; or cuts other fantastic tricks, is not surprising. If it did not, the gods and not men would be the conductors of the press. That it performs its general duties of chronicling the goings on of the whole world, in events and in ideas, and makes valuable additions besides to the best of general literature, is matter about which those growlers at the press and those pretenders in it, who could not write an advertisement for a lost puppy so that it could be parsed, had better stop to think about.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

☞ An Illinois gentleman, who has a farm of 40,000 acres, has 5,000 acres in corn and 3,000 acres in wheat, all in very fine condition.

☞ Deaths are reported in all parts of the country of children poisoned by eating the ends of lucifer matches. Parents should be careful.

☞ In many parts of Holland and Germany there isn't to be found a single grindstone. The emigrant shoemaker from Holland still brings his lapstone with him. He does this in the supposition that nature is as chary in that line of production in this country as in his own. The farmer there has always sharpened his scythe by hammering out its cutting edge. He does so to this day.

GOING WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

PARKMAN, Ohio, July 2, 1869

Dear Post:—Here you find me thus far upon my journey to California. I have yearned for that fabulous land, talked of it, dreamed of it, and now an unaccountable chain of circumstances gives me without effort of my own an impetus forward. I have set forth with a determination to see and to learn. Already, though not yet fairly upon my journey, for we have many circuitous routes to take before getting thoroughly underway upon the Great Overland Route, I have kept my eyes wide open and derived much enjoyment.

From Philadelphia to Pittsburg the ride was tame enough—all the fine scenery of the Pennsylvania Central Road we passed by night—thence onwards adventures began to turn up. We breakfasted at 10 A. M. in Pittsburg, then learned we could make no connection to proceed further until 4 P. M. This was annoying, for we were weary, and besides the day was too hot to make use of the time in looking about the town. The slowest road I ever travelled in my life we found between there and Youngstown, Ohio. Why, the train stops at every station, and at every cross-road, I verily believe, between every station. The cars were crowded with Fourth of July people; a woman with a screaming baby sat in front of me, another with a restless boy who leaned his weight against me in preference to his mother at my side. The air was hot and murky—by-and-by the rain began to fall in torrents—the scene was somewhat dismal. I began to wonder if this was to be my fate throughout my travels. My kind-hearted escort, who I must mention is the "Old Block" of California literary renown, tried to keep up my spirits by assuring me that all the way across the plains I should never encounter a similar experience of tedious slowness, yet I felt weary.

As we approached Youngstown we came suddenly in view of the iron works. It was about dusk, and the red light from the smelting furnaces produced a weird, unearthly effect. The sky above and the whole country around were lit up with a lurid glow. The rain had ceased. A cord in my fancy was struck, capable of many vibrations and echoes, and by the time we reached the station I was prepared to endure the news that the cars proceeded no farther that night. A lively drive in the omnibus brought us to "Excelsior Dining Hall," the best hotel in Youngstown. Here we must stop until the next day, Sunday, 4 P. M. A quaint, old-time sort of a place it seemed, the people surrounding, everything, calculated to remind one of a wayside inn in a novel. Sunday morning I walked out to see the town, then took a book and sat in the hotel parlor watching the people. A bride and groom—plain country folks—were spending their honeymoon there, and were enjoying their new-found happiness perchance more than many a fashionable couple upon the conventional trip to Niagara.

But we were anxious to speed onwards, and were glad when the hour approached for departure. A pleasant ride of two hours brought us to Garettsville, the terminus of that branch of the railway. From thence to Parkman, a distance of six miles, we must find private conveyance. Imagine then our consternation upon learning that every horse and vehicle in town was out upon Fourth of July service. "I'd give $5 for any conveyance for ourselves and baggage," cried Old Block, "were it but a wheelbarrow." At this brilliant proposal a young man took courage to step forward and modestly state that he could place at our disposal for that sum two plough horses and a furniture car. How gladly the bargain was closed only travellers who have been detained as long beyond their expectations upon the road as we had been can conjecture.

I waited at the station and found it impossible to restrain a hearty burst of laughter all to myself as the team drove up. A plank walk, some fifteen feet in length, elevated upon four wheels, two at each extreme end, enclosed by a railing, in the centre of which was perched a seat for myself and companion—nothing but our own powers of balancing to keep us from falling overboard—the baggage serving as seat for the driver, such was our furniture car. And so we jolted over the hilly country to Parkman, and had we driven up in the most luxuriant carriage we could not have met with a warmer welcome from our kind friends.

As we drove along I had the spot pointed out to me where Joe Smith, the Mormon prophet, first settled to gather his followers about him after leaving his native place in New York state. I saw the spot where he was tarred and feathered and driven from the town by those upon whose gullible propensities he had practiced too largely and been found out. I saw the vicinity where his disciples assembled to behold the power with which their prophet had been invested "by the Lord" to walk upon the waters—he having previously placed benches under the spot in the stream he proposed crossing. A wag of the neighborhood discovered the trick and removed secretly one of the benches, and so in the middle of the stream Joe plunged headlong into the water. He soon recovered and told his people that for some unknown purpose the Lord had deserted him this once; and although unbelievers did scoff, the faithful were content with their prophet. All these and many more such items are particularly interesting to me just now that I am about to pass through Mormon land. I cannot help wondering, too, how such an ignorant, graceless scamp as Joe Smith, could have had power to raise up any institution, however evil, that could outlive him for years.

I find the principal objects of business interest in Parkman a wool-shearing establishment, a cheese factory, and a flour mill. Beyond this it is what might technically be termed a "slow place," what it is now so it has been for years past—no life, no energy displayed. Yet the people are intelligent and agreeable, society pleasant—but I observe many property holders do business elsewhere, the interest is drawn away; some hold office in Washington, others have held prominent positions in the army, and expect always to come and go from here—and so while minds and individuals grow the town stands still. In point of natural advantages there is every element here to make a fine town—good water power, arable lands, beautiful sites for buildings, exquisite scenery, etc. Did I live here I should grow enthusiastic about keeping the intelligence and energy to work at home, instead of letting them go off at a tangent.

Yesterday I visited the "Ledge," and was thoroughly impressed with the odd freak of nature I there beheld. A woody hillside, studded with masses of rock, and sloping up to an extended plateau, met the eye as we drove up after a ride of about three miles through a pleasing, romantic country. Not until I had wound my way into the midst of the rocks could I conceive of the subterraneous excavations into which I was led through the ravine. I descended now by a winding pathway, now by a moss-grown stairway of rock, until I reached the caverns below. Here walled in by huge, fantastic, iceberg-shaped rocks, hung with richest tapestry of moss, lichen and fern, exist weird chambers, audience-halls, corridors and galleries of every variety—sometimes arched over by a ceiling of rock, sometimes displaying the blue vault of heaven. In some places a little stream trickles through the winding corridors bridged over by a fallen branch of the trees above. Decaying stumps and branches of trees everywhere, and here, as elsewhere, we learn that out of Death cometh Life for the richest growth we see developed upon this lifeless matter. The stream flows from some subterraneous source, and making its way all through this strange place falls in one spot over a rock from forty to fifty feet in height and dashes against the opposite rock, causing by its echo here an almost deafening roar.

This Ledge covers an extent of over a mile, and is certainly a natural curiosity well worthy of note. It deserves more attention, and I can assure pleasure-seekers that the vicinity would make a delightful summer resort. To-day I was over there taking part in a most delightful social picnic. Rain obliged us to take refuge in the hotel, and there, after partaking of our refreshments, we had a gay dance in the ballroom. This merry dance will be my last reminiscence of Parkman, for we start early in the morning, but it will leave a very pleasant impression upon my mind of the many pleasant people I have met here. How I progress upon my journey you shall hear anon.

AUBER FORESTIER.

A Hindoo Widower.

The marriage advertisements in the American papers are often sufficiently amusing. But a Hindoo widower surpasses anything that we have seen here in that line. This disconsolate gentleman invites proposals from widows only, stating age and other qualifications, and requiring various information of their former relations and of the widowed life of the applicants. One of the inducements which he holds out in aid of his wooing, is a promise of a pension of fifty rupees a month to his new wife, should she survive him. Among the answers to his proposal is one from a widow, who knowing what it is to lose a good husband, desires to secure the continuance of the marriage relation; and thinking a husband worth more than a pension, she inquires if she may rely upon the advertiser to undertake the delicate duty of securing a third husband for her, to be ready in case of his own death; for, she adds, my object in entering into a second wedlock is simply to have a husband, and should he die like my first husband, I shall again be left a widow. So cautious a widow will not fail to make a prudent wife.

Origin of the Pew System.

One hundred and seventy years ago an elegant parish church at Atherston, England, was, as all houses of worship had been, entirely open and available to all worshippers, but it entered the mind of an elderly lady that she would prefer to know where to sit. It was unpleasant to think anybody should be placed beside her. She accordingly begged to be allowed to put up a piece of boarding to screen herself off from the rest of the world. No sooner did this appear, than another wanted a partition to enable her to enjoy as her own a particular spot. Then an old gentleman thought he would like to have some accommodation reserved for him. This closing in of the church for private purposes gave its interior such an irregular and patchy appearance, that it was presently resolved to pew the whole building, which was accordingly done, a large share of the expenses being defrayed by a family well known in the neighborhood. And so this pew system has grown and grown and grown on, until it has become ingrained in English church life.

☞ Hon. S. S. Cox writes from Malaga that much of the wine is made from the potato.

☞ Trifles are sometimes important. The Pacific Railroad cars, made in the East, are found to be "a trifle" too wide to pass through the Central Pacific snow sheds.

☞ Mme. de Brissac born plain Mlle. Say is a Parisian beauty who knows how to dress. Recently, in commenting on her attire, one of the F. F. P.'s said:—"'Tis very superb, but it has a speck of tallow on it." "Better a stain of grease than of blood," said Madam. Her critic's fourth grandfather had helped murder the Duke of Guise.

☞ All sensible persons will agree with Antoinette Brown Blackwell in her recent denunciation of "sensient but irrational natures, constituted according to sensient or qualitative principles, co-ordained with mathematical ones, all alike incomprehensible to the irrational natures themselves."

☞ Not long ago, there was a narrow escape from shipwreck on the canal, just above the dam at Newcastle, Pennsylvania. A sudden rise of the water carried away a canal boat fastened to a wharf, and it seemed probable that the boat and its passengers and crew, amounting in the aggregate to three souls, would be carried over the dam. The air was filled with shrieks and a heart-rending accident appeared imminent, when a friendly sandbar stopped the boat; it was towed back to the wharf, and the tempestuous deep was cheated of its prey!!

☞ A correspondent of the Rural World finds an ordinary hot-bed a capital place for drying fruit. A floor is laid inside on which to place the fruit. Then put on the sash, but be sure to raise both the upper and lower ends about two inches, to admit of a free circulation of air, or the fruit will bake as it would in an oven. Here the fruit will not be wet in a shower, nor will it be troubled with insects, which will be kept away by the covering and the intense heat. Parboiled green corn has been sufficiently dried in one day, in this way.

☞ Isaac Pitman, of Bath, England, the inventor of phonography, has published a complete edition of the Bible in phonographic characters. This is by far the most extensive work ever produced in any system of short-hand.

☞ Fifty years ago there was not a silk manufactory in the country. Now there are upwards of sixty large establishments engaged in the business.

The Number Nine.

The number nine possesses some remarkable properties. If the nine digits, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, be added together the sum will be 45, which is equal to 5 times 9, and the sum of the digits of their sum, 4 and 5, is 9. If any number is subtracted from another having the same digits in a different order, the remainder will be divisible by 9, and the sum of the digits of the remainder will also be divisible by 9.

Subtracting 2067634 from 7364420, there remains 4416765, which is equal to 9 times 490085. The sum of the digits, 4, 4, 1, 6, 7, 9, 5, is 36, which is divisible by 9.

If any number be multiplied by 9, the sum of the digits or figures of the product will be divisible by 9. Nine times 43780135, is 394021215; the sum of the digits of this product is 27, a multiple of nine. The solutions of a number of interesting arithmetical puzzles depend upon the above properties of 9.

If a number be subtracted from another having the same digits in a different order, and one of the digits of the remainder erased, it can be found in the following manner: Add together the figures of the remainder that are left, divide the sum by 9, subtract the figure that remains after dividing by 9, *from* 9, and this last remainder will be the digit or figure sought. If there is no remainder, 0 or 9 was erased.

Ask some one to write down a number and subtract from it another, composed of the same digits in a different order, without letting you see either of them. Tell him you want all the figures of the *remainder*, but one. By the above rule you can soon find the figure you have not seen. The feat will appear quite mysterious to the uninitiated.

Here is an example: Subtracting 156324 from 231456, the remainder is 75132. The sum of the figures 7, 5, 1, 3, is sixteen. Divide 16 by 9, we have a remainder of 7. Seven from 9 leaves 2, the other figure.

Railroad Accidents.

A terrible disaster occurred on the Erie Railroad at Mast Hope Station, 29 miles from Port Jervis, N. Y., on the 15th. A passenger train ran into the engine of another train, owing, it is believed, to the misplacement of a switch; several of the cars were smashed, and the wreck caught fire. From the latest account nine lives were lost, some of the sufferers being burned to death. Among those burned to death was the Rev. Benjamin B. Hallock, of New York, who had got wedged in the wreck. But few persons were injured. The mails and nearly all the baggage were destroyed

A train ran off the track of the Union Pacific Railroad, 450 miles west of Omaha, on the 14th, smashing four cars and the engine. Two men were killed and three badly injured. The accident is attributed to the weakening of the track by rains. Another train, going east, also ran off the track, killing one man.

☞ The official count of the vote of Virginia at the military headquarters in Richmond shows a majority for Walker of 17,500.

☞ The new 15 cent currency were issued last Monday.

☞ The Abyssinian sinews-of-war bill has been paid; and it is found that the rescued Englishmen have cost nearly a million a head!

☞ An experienced old gentleman says that all that is required for the enjoyment of love or sausages is confidence.

Something New and Startling.

Psychologic Attraction, Fascination, or Science of the Soul. A new book, 400 pages, nonpariel, elegantly bound in cloth, by Herbert Hamilton, B. A., author of "Natural Forces," etc. This wonderful book contains full and complete instructions to enable any one to fascinate and gain the confidence or love of either sex, and control or subject the brute creation at will. All possess and can exert this mental power, by reading this book (not a mere circular or advertising scheme), which can be obtained by sending your address and postage to the publishers,

sep26-1y T. W. EVANS & Co.,
123 South 7th st., or 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia.

☞ One serious care of the housekeeper is to protect furniture and clothing against the ravages of the moth. There are two species of moth which infest furniture—one a large fly of silvery white, the worm being also white; the other is a small dark drab-colored fly, which has been a great pest to upholsterers for a few years past. This moth destroys alike in summer and winter, being kept in active life by the constant heat of the house. Continual care is the only protection against it. Furniture should be frequently moved from the wall and be thoroughly brushed, and the carpet beneath should also receive attention. The common preventives—snuff, pepper, camphor, and the like—are of little avail against this moth.

Interesting to Ladies.

After six years constant use of Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine, I unhesitatingly give it the preference over all others for the beauty, strength and elasticity of its stitch, ease in management, and little liability to get out of order, while at the same time affording the widest range in the execution of all kinds of work.—*Mrs. B. F. Crawford, Phila.*

☞ A young woman of Troy, who married a man at an hour's notice by order of her father, now seeks a divorce because, as she says, she didn't know what she was about. A good many others could put in that plea.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT is working wonderful cures in rheumatism. Where every other remedy fails, this inestimable salve takes hold, penetrates to the very core, removes every particle of inflammation and effects a complete cure.

☞ Excursionist (from Salt Lake)—"Give me through tickets for fifteen grown persons and thirty-nine children."

New Ticket Clerk (from Mass.)—"If it's a school or an asylum, we can make them cheaper to you."

Excursionist (indignantly)—"Sir! It's my own private family, sir!"

THE COLOGNE WATER, prepared by Jos. Burnett & Co., of Boston, is superior to the veritable "Farina." We speak from actual experience.—*Baltimore American.*

Wholesale and retail depots in every city of the Union.

☞ The law under which the present income tax is now levied will expire on the 1st of January, 1870. Let it die!

Stereotyping Newspapers.

Ten or twelve years ago, the New York papers began to stereotype their forms, thereby saving the wear of the type, and in other ways, fully twenty per cent. upon the old plan. Each paper has a stereotyping room, and the process is as follows:—The forms are made up on curved plates. When the type is all set, a pulpy preparation of paper is pressed upon them, and it is of such consistency as to keep the mold of the type exactly. Into this mold liquid type metal is poured (it does not burn the paper because of its moisture) and a solid plate formed as if the original type were all welded together. This plate is put upon the press and the impressions of the journal made. The forms of the *Tribune*, *Herald*, *Times*, and recently the *World*, are all stereotyped.

S a r s a p a r i l l i a n.

HIDDEN VIRTUES BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

For 300 years the curative properties of Sarsaparilla have lain dormant in a part of the root, that have escaped the notice of chemists. By the *new process recently discovered* by *Dr. RADWAY*, in extracting the medicinal properties from vegetable substances that enter the composition of *RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT*, *SARSAPARILLIAN*, the crystalline principle of Sarsaparilla, was found to possess *the true virtues* ascribed to this root, and, obtained as it now is under *Dr. RADWAY'S new process*, rescues, by its wonderful curative power over all forms of Chronic, Skin, Scrofulous, and uncured secondary diseases, the reputation of Sarsaparilla from the unfavorable opinions of the medical faculty.

SARSAPARILLIAN, *SARSAPARILLIAN*, associated with other ingredients of extraordinary curative properties, enters into the composition of *RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT*, and this remedy may now be considered as the most effectual and quick curative remedy in all Chronic Glandular, Skin, Kidney, Bladder, and Urinary diseases. In diseases of the Lungs, Bronchi, Throat, and Liver, it affords immediate assistance. It communicates its curative powers through the blood, sweat, and urine. The moment it is swallowed it commences its work of purification and the expulsion of corrupt humors from the blood. It repairs the waste of the body with sound and healthy material, and secures functional harmony of each depraved organ in the natural secretion of its proper constituents. In cases where there is difficulty in the Kidneys, and Diabetes, Gravel, Catarrh, or Irritation of the Bladder, Bright's Disease, &c., &c., is present, this remedy will give immediate relief, and insure a cure.

Question.—Dr. A. asks, "Will your Resolvent make a permanent cure of uncured secondary disease? If so, have you satisfactory proof?"

Answer.—We have a number of cases of persons that were unsuccessfully treated on the Parisian plan of vapor baths of Mercury, Arsenic, Sulphur, and the administration of Mercury, Potass, Iodine, where their sufferings were only suppressed, and in a few months the disease appeared again—that as far back as 1849-50—and when treated by the Renovating Resolvent, as prepared under the new process, were cured, and, since married, have had children, and no trace of disease or impure blood has been developed in their children up to this time. We have not heard of one instance of the reappearance of the old disease that was treated by the Resolvent under its new mode of preparation. As it is now prepared, its power over all diseases generated in the blood, or where there are poisonous elements in the blood, either Scrotula, Skin Diseases, Pimples, Pustules, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Worms in the Skin, Salt Rheum, Cancerous Ulcers or Tumors, is quick and positive. In all cases where there is disease caused by impure blood, depraved habit of system, functional derangement, or through the evil effects of Mercury or imperfect digestion, this remedy *will cure*, if it is in the power of human agency to do so. The experience of over 25 years gives us confidence in the curative efficacy of our remedies, and justifies us in making these promises to the public.

Price of R. R. Resolvent (Sarsaparillian), $5 for six bottles, or $1 per bottle, at No. 87 Maiden lane, and by druggists. Ask for *RADWAY'S RESOLVENT*, and see that each bottle has the word *SARSAPARILLIAN* on the outside label.

RADWAY & Co., No. 87 Maiden lane, New York.

Sold by Druggists everywhere, and in Philadelphia by Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch St.

my29-tf

A CASE recently tried in the Court of General Sessions, in Columbia, illustrates the operation of law in South Carolina. The case was larceny—a negro had stolen a chicken worth 37 cents. He was kept in jail two months before trial; and upon conviction was sentenced to a month's imprisonment in the jail. How much has it cost this state to punish the negro for stealing a chicken worth 37 cents? The law allows 50 cents a day for jail expenses, and $1 a day to every witness for each day of court until the case in which he is summoned is called. This case came up on the twentieth day of the session. The expenses were: For jurors $18; for jail expenses, three months, $45; for six witness, each for twenty days, $120, and for solicitor's, sheriff's and clerk's fees, $25—making a total of $208. This calculation leaves out of the reckoning the value of the judge's time in hearing the case. The tax-payers of the state have thus a lively sense of the value of law within the limits of South Carolina.

"A Word to Horsemen."

DR. TOBIAS' CELEBRATED VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT has been tested by the first horsemen in this country, and proved to be superior to any other. The late Hiram Woodruff, of "trotting fame," was never without a bottle in his stable. It is also used by Col. Bush of the Jerome Park Course at Fordham, N. Y., who has over twenty running horses under his care, among which rank some of the finest stock in America. It is warranted to cure lameness, sprains, scratches, bruises, galls, cuts, wind galls, colic, sore throat, nail in the foot, and overheating, when used according to the directions.

All who own or employ horses are assured that this Liniment will do all, if not more, in curing the above-named complaints. No horse need die of colic, if, when first taken, the Liniment is used according to the directions. Always have a bottle in your stable.

Price, in pint bottles, one dollar. The genuine is signed S. L. Tobias on the outside wrapper. For sale by the druggists, saddlers, and storekeepers throughout the United States. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. 1y3-5t

☞ A new circus trick just introduced in Paris is for a man to leap from a height of eighty feet and bound back again to the original spot. The performer is fastened to an elastic cord.

For Black Worms,

And Pimples on the face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond st., New York. Sold everywhere. The trade supplied in Philadelphia, by

my8-1m JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN.

Chinese Oaths.

The Silver City (Idaho) Tidal Wave says that "the trial of Ah Choy and Ah Sam, now going on in the District Court, for the murder of Ah Sam, is creating a greater interest than any trial that has ever occurred here, on account of the novelty of the method of swearing witnesses. A rooster's head is hacked off with a knife, a saucer broken, the oath written on yellow paper, burned, and the smoke, in which is supposed to be the spirit of the burned oath, blown up to Heaven in each case. The prosecution and defence each swore five witnesses, killed five chickens, broke five saucers, burned five pieces of paper, &c. After killing the chickens they are thrown away by the Chinamen, and considered unfit for use, but having had their throats cut, nicely bled, &c., the American heathen consider them none the worse for having been sworn by, and we confess to having been guilty of the sacrilege of assisting to devour a portion that was really fat, tender, and good to our unsanctified palate."

Let not Prejudice Usurp your Reason.

It is a fact that, in the minds of many persons, a prejudice exists against what are called patent medicines; but why should this prevent you resorting to an article that has such an array of testimony to support it as HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS? Physicians prescribe it; why should you discard it; Judges, usually considered men of talent, have used and do use it in their families; why should you reject it? Let not your prejudice usurp your reason to the everlasting injury of your health. If you are sick, and require a medicine, try these Bitters.

When the bodily energies are worn out by anxiety and need a stimulant, this is the best that can be taken. It is tempered and modified by hygienic herbs and roots, which prevent it from fevering the blood; and hence it does not produce a mere temporary excitement, to be followed by injurious reaction, but communicates a permanent potency to the entire vital organization. Some of its herbal constituents are slightly soporific, so that in cases where sleeplessness is one of the accompaniments of nervous disease, a dose of it taken towards bedtime will tend to produce quiet and refreshing slumber. For palpitation of the heart, tremors, hysterics, fainting fits, general restlessness and the causeless fears and distressing fancies to which ladies are especially subject, under certain morbid conditions of mind and body peculiar to their sex, the Bitters will be found the most agreeable and certain of all counter-irritants.

The constitutionally nervous may readily keep their infirmity in constant check by the daily use of this healthful vegetable tonic; and those who have "shattered their nerves," as the phrase is, either by imprudent indulgence or undue physical or intellectual labor, will find in this vitalizing elixir a prompt restorative. 1y2-5t

SUNFLOWERS.—Sunflowers, when planted on an extensive scale, it has recently been asserted by experimenters in France and Holland, will neutralize the deleterious effects of exhalations from marshes. This plan has been tried with success in the fenny districts near Rochefort, France, and the authorities of Holland assert that intermittent fever has entirely disappeared from districts where the sunflowers have been planted. Though the above facts appear to be proved, but it is not yet ascertained what effect the sunflower produces on the atmosphere, whether it generates oxygen like other plants of rapid growth, or whether, like the cone-bearers, it emits ozone, and destroys the animal and vegetable germs of miasms producing fever.

To Remove Moth Patches,

Freckles and Tan from the face, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. Sold by all Druggists. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry. my8-2m

☞ The excavation of the Indian mounds in Complanter township, Venango county, Pennsylvania, has resulted in some startling developments. The mummified body of an Indian princess has been discovered, and was on exhibition in Titusville on Thursday. The remains are in an excellent state of petrification, and worthy of scientific inspection.

Dr. Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

This preparation has acquired a reputation which makes it sought after by ladies coming from or going to the most distant countries, for it has no equal or rival in its beautifying qualities. Like all other of Dr. GOURAUD'S preparations this has extended its sale until it has become a specialty by its own merits, and is not the creature of mere advertising notoriety. It is recommended from one customer to another on actual knowledge of its value and utility. Prepared by Dr. FELIX GOURAUD, 48 Bond street, removed from 453 Broadway, New York, and to be had of all druggists. jeu5-3m

☞ The Chinese have not the physical strength of others; nevertheless it has been found that they get through more work. In the excavations on the Pacific Railroad the white laborers threw heavier spadefuls, but the Chinese had removed more earth at the end of the day.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Thursday, June 3d, by the Rev. J. E. Smith, Mr. SAXTON J. TICE, of Maryland, to Miss HARRIET W. BOYER, of this city.

On the 30th of June, by the Rev. J. S. Kennard, Mr. SAMUEL F. DU LANEY to Miss FRANCES E. PYLE, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. JACOB S. KURTZ to Miss ANNIE M. KNIPE, both of this city.

On the 30th of April, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, GEORGE MCMULLIN to ELIZABETH L. KOLB, both of this city.

On the 27th of June, by the Rev. William T. Eva, Mr. JACOB B. SAILOR, Jr., to Miss SARAH E. HARVEY.

On the 11th of Oct. last, by the Rev. Geo. Durborow, EDWARD J. LESCURE to C. ELIZABETH DIXON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th instant, HANNAH, wife of Richard Kent, in her 87th year.

On the 13th instant, WILLIAM SCOTT, in his 35d year.

On the 12th instant, JOHN CURRY, Jr., in his 41st year.

On the 12th instant, ELIZABETH, wife of David Briggs, in her 34th year.

On the 12th instant, MARY A. ATCHERSON, in her 73d year.

On the 11th instant, GRANVILLE MCVAUGH, aged 26 years.

On the 13th instant, FRANCIS HENRY, in his 31st year.

On the 11th instant, JAMES BAYER, Sr., aged 70 years.

On the 10th instant, ROBERT P. JONES, aged 26 years.

FROM A HUSBAND.

Fonder, tender, ever fonder,
But increase my love can know,
Here on earth, hereafter yonder,
Love with me must ever grow;
Loving you, it must be so.

Dearer, dearer, ever dearer;
Loved in youth for that fair face,
Now my heart has seen you nearer,
That first love to this gives place,
For your soul's diviner grace.

Ah! how sweet was that young passion,
Caught from fairness, oh, how fair!
That fed full even from the fashion
Of the dress you deigned to wear,
When your beauty bless'd the air.

Oh the life-quake then that shook me
When on me seemed turned that gaze,
When hair, brow, speech, or laughter took me
Captive with a dumb amaze,
Dazzled with your beauty's blaze.

Time that charm has not marred blindly,
If his touch a harm has wrought,
Still some rarer beauty, kindly,
Every fondling year has brought,
Softer, dearer to my thought.

How much more than youth was seeing
Now I love, with heart grown wise;
Now the whole dear perfect being
I have fitlier learned to prize,
Clear at last to the soul's eyes!

Dearer through joys, cares, and sorrows;
Know, how well! through smiles and tears,
Now I feel that all the morrows,
Hopes and pleasures, labors, fears,
Bring but knowledge that endears.

The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Usages.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

No. 11.—UNCLEANNESS FROM TOUCHING THE DEAD.

By the ceremonial law given to the Jews, it was considered that a dead body polluted, for seven days, everything with which it came in contact. See Numbers xix. 14—16. Thus, not only the people, but all within the tent—the very vessels, if uncovered—everything *coming* in contact with the air polluted by death, was pronounced unclean. One who touched a dead body "slain in the open fields," or even the bone of a man, or a grave, fell under the same ban of pollution; and must be cleansed according to the law, before going into the tents, or mingling with the congregation. For this reason, the priests, who had to offer sacrifices every day, were forbidden to assist at funerals. Among the laws for the government of the priesthood, in the book of Leviticus xxii. 4—6, occurs the passage, "Whoso toucheth anything that is unclean by the dead, shall be unclean until even, and shall not eat of the holy things unless he wash his flesh with water." Again in Numbers v. 2, 3, it is written, "Whosoever is defiled by the dead, both male and female, shall ye put out, without the camp shall ye put them; that they defile not their camps, in the midst whereof I dwell." They were not defiled by contact with loathsome or infectious diseases merely, but by touching *any dead body* whatever, or anything pertaining to the dead.

These injunctions were parts of the ceremonial law, given to the Israelites, soon after their exodus from Egypt, in the very infancy of the world; and yet after the lapse of nearly four thousand years, we find almost the same regulations existing in the very heart of Asia among the *Karens*, who occupy the upper or mountainous portions of the Burman Empire, bordering on Thibet and Cochin China. This is a race wholly distinct from the Burmese, and in many respects vastly their superiors; and from the many traditions found among them, of the Creation, Deluge, &c., many modern travellers concur in the belief that these roving sons of the jungle are the legitimate descendants of "the lost ten tribes of Israel." Certain it is that there are many points of resemblance, and among the rest is the absolute loathing with which everything pertaining to death is regarded by these Karens. The clothes, books, and other possessions of a dead man are all consigned to the flames, immediately on his decease; and any one would be considered *unclean forever* who should knowingly appropriate any part of them. See the parallel in Numbers xix. 14. "When a man dieth in a tent, all that come into the tent, and all that is in the tent shall be unclean seven days. And the man (verse 20,) that shall be unclean, and shall not purify himself, that soul shall be cut off from among the congregation, because he hath defiled the sanctuary of the Lord." Even the work on which a Karen man or woman happens to be engaged when a death is announced to him must be at once abandoned, and however costly or valuable it is never resumed. Thus, a house or boat in which is invested perhaps nearly all a poor man's little fortune; a valuable web of cloth, which has cost some feeble woman months of weary labor; a garden or a field, which is just about to repay the toil and anxiety of a whole season; and even the innocent volumes, on which a patient, much-enduring copyist has spent, alike the midnight vigil and the long, burning days of exhausting labor, must all be consigned to inevitable destruction, if the operators should be so unlucky as to be engaged on their work when the announcement of a death is made.

To touch again any of these, after such a casualty, would in the estimation of the superstitious Karens involve a curse more terrible than the poisoned tunic of Nessus conveyed to Hercules; since the effects of the hydra's blood was fatal only to the body, whilst the slightest touch of these forbidden articles is supposed to entail calamity on the soul, through its countless transmigrations from state to state, till "Nigban" (annihilation) is reached. Among these people, as soon as a person has ceased to breathe, every part of the body, not excepting the face, is closely enwrapped in some coarse cloth, that the mourners may not be contaminated by looking on the features of the deceased; and then it is laid out on a bench in the outer room of the dwelling, as far removed as practicable from the culinary and other household operations. Rice is poured down in a pile at the head and feet of the corpse, together with tobacco, cigars, betel-nut and fruit, and at one side is placed a basket containing various cooking utensils, a drinking-cup, a knife, and other similar articles, all of which are afterward burned to ashes when the body is consumed. In the interim, the spirit is invited to eat freely, as while on earth, and exhorted not to be ashamed; whilst his deceased friends who have preceded him to the land of spirits, are urged to return and escort their brother across the Stygian gulf, to a place in their midst. Amid the prostrations, wailing and mourning that follow, a chosen band of the nearest relatives chant dolorous ditties like the following:

"A tree sprang up on high,
Its branches soared aloft,
Its fruit as cotton soft,
And joy to passers by.
But then a serpent came,
Kub-lu-lu was his name.
For hurt he came to spy.

"His deadly eye he bent
Upon the boughs so fair,
Which ripest fruit did bear.
And 'neath his curse they went,
To darkness and to death,
Cursed by the monster's breath,
To fierce destruction sent."

It is a strange measure, but it is that in which oriental dirges are usually sung; and though without literary merit *per se*, it is here inserted as an average specimen of the poetical compositions of a nation who but a few years since had not even an alphabet. As such, it may not be devoid of interest to the curious, and it is probably one of the first *native Karen* songs that has been published in the language of any Western nation. Further than this, we trace in the sentiment here embodied an evident tradition, though encased in superstition, of the entrance of the Serpent into Paradise, the Fall of Man, and its sad results; and a confirmation of the belief that these Karens are either descendants of the Israelites, or were, at some period of their history, associated with them.

The dirge is followed by a curious game, called "tiger and fowl," which is intended to symbolize the conflict of the disembodied spirit with "the powers of the air," witches, demons and bobgoblins. Then hot water is poured out at the head and feet of the dead, to supply him with drink in the land of Hades. At nightfall, small tapers are lighted near the body, and the relations, marching slowly around, proclaim to the departed the points of the compass, the top and roots of the trees, &c., but always directly the reverse of their true position, as they suppose the land of spirits to be at antipodes with our earth. After the body has been burned in the usual manner, a single bone is selected, and preserved till a convenient time for bringing the relatives and friends together again; when a great feast is made, and wild dirges are chanted for the purpose of frightening off *Mukha*, an evil spirit of whom they stand in special terror. Some other ceremonies follow, by which they imagine they can ascertain the happiness or unhappiness of the deceased; and then the bone is buried, with money to pay the dead man's ransom, should he chance to be taken prisoner by any evil-minded demon on his way; and new clothes in which to array himself on his arrival in the spirit-land. The soul of the deceased is then dismissed, with the admonition to go to his own place in the land of Hades, the whole company clapping their hands, as they say in unison, "Go in peace—this grave is thy small house, but thy grand and spacious mansion is on the cool banks of the fair river *Nandokwa*, where beauteous maidens recline on beds of fragrant flowers, and all is calm, quiet and peaceful." And with this valedictory the ceremonies are completed. The urn which contains the ashes of the incremated body is securely sealed, to prevent the place where it is deposited from being polluted thereby; while the grave in which the single bone has been interred is never revisited, for fear of the curse which is entailed on all who shall knowingly come within its baleful shadow; and all who have been in any way engaged in the funeral rites must, as with the ancient Israelites, go through a process of ablutions and purifications *for seven days*, before their uncleanness is removed, and they may again mingle with their fellows.

F. R. F.

AN ITALIAN DUEL.

The early dissolution of Parliament in 184–, by releasing me from editorial labors, enabled me to accept the invitation of our Italian special correspondent to visit Milan. I knew nothing of my inviter beyond the circumstances, first of his having been warmly recommended by parties high in the world of continental politics, and next of his sustaining this recommendation by a series of vigorous articles full of early information relative to Italian movements—the revolution was then in progress—full of unreserved denunciations against Austrian and priestly domination, and equally full of hopeful anticipations of what then appeared to most British politicians to be a mere geographical expression, the "unification of Italy."

The character of his contributions—fiery, martial, uncompromising—led me to idealize the contributor as of Titantic proportions. My astonishment was genuine when I saw that he was a man of puny proportions, with nothing in his externals to lead you to suppose that his veins were filled with aught but the milk of human kindness—I take it for granted there is such a liquid—except a pair of dark eyes that occasionally glittered like a rattlesnake's.

A week passed quite pleasantly. My host, though known to me as Dr. Doria, in reality was of the old Milanese nobility; the palazzo Di ——, in the Corso, was his ancestral mansion, let out for economical reasons to the Austrian general who commanded at Milan. Dr. Doria, to use an inelegant but expressive phrase, was "back and edge" Italian. Filled with unconcealed aspirations for his country's speedy emancipation from a foreign yoke, and working strenuously with his pen to that end, he was a marked man, more especially on account of his high connections, which, although denuded of their once splendid patrimony and power, still carried a certain sway.

My week having ended, I prepared to take leave of my friend, and I invited him to a farewell dinner at his favorite caffe, named Marengo. The dinner was good, the wine excellent, and my friend, who spoke English wonderfully well, opened his heart unreservedly, as there was little chance of the conversation being understood, even should a spy be lurking within earshot.

After this we went to the magnificent theatre—La Scala. It was more than commonly crowded in consequence of a new candidate for the position of *prima donna*. My friend's box was on the second tier; we made our way up the stone staircase with some difficulty; here our further progress was impeded by the narrow passage being filled with people, looking for accommodation, and in particular by an officer in the Austrian uniform, whom I immediately recognized as an officer, a great duellist, against whom my friend entertained rather unfriendly views. In order to pass, it was necessary for my friend to touch the officer's elbow, which he did with perfect politeness, and *Pardon, monsieur*—Italians and Austrians of the better class usually spoke French—the only response to which was by the officer squaring his huge frame still more unaccommodatingly. My friend made a second effort; this time attempting with gentle force to push himself between the officer and the balustrade. The officer looked round superciliously, and pressed his arm so rudely against my friend as to thrust him against the wall. My friend, for a man just vowed for ever to peace, looking strangely warlike, made a sudden effort, bent down the officer's arm, and passed him rapidly, in doing which he trod, I fear intentionally, on the officer's feet, a compliment which was returned by a vigorous kick from the officer's heavy military boot.

The pain, and public indignity, drew from my friend a sharp wolfish snarl; indeed, for the moment, he resembled nothing so much as a wolf, with his lips drawn tightly back, and his gleaming teeth exposed; then springing at his assailant, he clutched his ample whiskers with one hand, and with the other buffeted him on the face repeatedly. The attack was executed with such rapidity, that the officer had no time to take measures for the defence of his person; but when the blows rained on his face, and the blood flowed, he became perfectly mad with rage. Stamping furiously, with a deep oath, he seized my friend in his sinewy arms, and holding him as easily as a cat would a mouse, he backed down the passage until he came to the open, when lifting him high in the air, he prepared to dash him on the marble floor beneath; a fall that must have resulted in frightful mutilation or instant death. But his purpose was frustrated by the spectators, myself among the number, throwing themselves on him, and, after a fierce struggle, rescuing the little doctor from his grip. The guard, attracted by the turmoil, made their appearance, and for the present further hostilities were impossible. I lost sight of my friend for a few minutes; he then rejoined me, and having lamented the unlucky encounter that had unexpectedly marred our entertainment, proffered me his pass, which I declined; and then solicited me to return to the caffe and wait for him. I acceded to his request, and having ordered a claret cup well iced, sat for some time meditating on the probable issue of this event.

My friend at last came into the caffe, and addressing me, said: "I must beg of you a personal favor—to prolong your stay in Milan for a week. You have seen me kicked," looking like a demon, "yes, kicked by the hoof of a German-pig. You must witness the mode in which I shall cancel the debt."

"I think you have already pretty well balanced matters," I replied. "If the Austrian used his foot, you repaid the obligation amply, by spoiling his handsome face with your fist."

"The stain of a kick is only effaced with blood. Every thing is arranged for a meeting next week. It can't take place earlier, as the Austrian is still under arrest for his last duel. To-night I must see my old fencing master, Di Prati: will you come?"

I consented, and accompanied my friend to the back of the Duomo, where the *salle d'armes* of the famous professor was situated, once crowded with students; but latterly deserted for the rooms of a rival professor, De Liancourt, teacher of the Austrian officer, the fire-eater of Milan.

The hall was hung round with foils, breast-plates, masks, and all the usual furniture of a place where assaults both with sharps and blunts were customary.

The professor was a tall, gray-whiskered man, of martial aspect, with arms bared to the elbow, displaying a mass of muscle seemingly as tough as catgut.

"You are too late, count," said he, looking at my friend. "Play has been over this hour."

"It is not *play*; it is something serious I come to you about. This way, old friend, and let me explain."

They retired to a distant part of the room, and my friend, in a few words stated what had occurred.

The professor's face wore a look of concern.

"The Austrian will insist on the duel *a outrance*, I fear."

"My unalterable determination is that it shall be so. I have a week to get up my fencing, will you take me in hand?"

"Why come to me? your challenger has already killed two of my best pupils, and brought discredit on my school. You should rather seek instruction from my rival, De Liancourt, his teacher."

"I prefer to come to you."

"I will teach no more pupils who throw away their lives by disregarding my counsels."

"I promise, on my honor, to obey them implicitly."

"Come then; you will have to fight with broadswords. Put on mask and breast-plate, and let me see what you can do."

Master and pupil being properly attired, commenced to play.

My friend exhibited an amount of agility and skill I was unprepared for. The master watched his play closely, contenting himself with parrying blows and thrusts delivered with much spirit and artistic skill.

The bout was over.

"Well, professor, does your old pupil disgrace you?"

"Your play has some pretty things for the fencing-school; they must all be discarded with such an opponent as the Austrian. Attend. First discharge from your eyes all that passion, which enables an adversary to master your intentions; next, take to this guard, and keep to it."

The professor threw himself into an attitude, once a favorite among Scottish gentlemen of the sword, but now neglected by fencers of the modern school. I believe it is termed the hanging guard.

My friend imitated the professor.

"Not *en quarte*, but *en seconde*; your sword hand higher than your head, with sloping point; your left brought in front, ready to parry. Good! you have now the surest guard you can use; you make a strong cross on your opponent's sword, and your parade is more certain. You have a week? Well, I shall exercise you only in this guard, and the parades that flow from it."

"Am I not to assault?"

"But once; on it will depend the issue of the fight. I will teach you the mode the last thing. See, your adversary is practised and skilful; but he knows only what he has been taught by his master. One or two tricks of science he especially relies upon. I know how to counteract them, and had my pupils, when challenged, attended to my instructions, they might have been alive now to credit their instructor."

"You shall never have to make complaint of me."

"Bear in mind, your opponent has great bodily strength, and is cunning of fence; but foiled in his favorite passes, he loses temper; in that lies your safety. Having played out his tricks, he takes to his last and usually fatal move. By sheer strength of wrist he presses his opponent's sword firmly aside so as to make an open, then by a feint and turn of the wrist he delivers a thrust which, if it goes home, all is over. You must wait patiently for this; when the thrust is given, parry with your left, and then see—*la risposte*—thus delivering the stab not upwards, for in that case the bones and muscles of the chest may weaken it, but downwards, where the point will only meet with the softer parts. It is on the play from the *risposte* that your life depends."

I have, I fear, imperfectly stated the particulars of the lesson, and the technical terms made use of, my experience in fencing being confined to a turn or two with blunts at Angelo's rooms. Of course, as this was to be a duel in downright earnest, my attention was more than commonly rivited to all that occurred.

"And now for your weapon," said the professor, opening a closet and producing a sword. "I have the measure of the Austrian's sword—this one is the exact length."

The sword at a cursory glance looked a very unpromising weapon with which to defend a man's life. My friend evidently thought so, for he examined it with a dismayed look.

"Why," said he, "it's hardly more than a lark-spit; the Austrian uses a Konisberg blade, double the width and weight of this toy."

"I know it; but this toy, as you term it," surveying the weapon fondly from heel to point, "has qualities that in proper hands will prove more than a match for the best sword ever forged in Germany. It is a real Seville blade—nothing better in the world. See," placing it lengthwise on his finger, "how admirably it is balanced; notice the hilt, close-barred and crossed—no fear of wounds on the sword-hand; then, its temper," severing a large nail on which breast-plates were hung. "Look again," pressing the point against the wall until it met the hilt, when, releasing the weapon, the blade instantly returned to its normal condition. "And this last," striking the blade flat on an iron anvil with all his force, "there, that alone is a test which I defy even the famed Konigsberg sword to undergo. Enough for this night. Come early to-morrow for your lesson."

When we quitted the professor, the doctor obtained a promise from me that I would not leave Milan until the result of the duel was determined, and that I would accompany him to the field.

I saw little of my friend except in the evening—he was engaged elsewhere—I did not ask in what direction. I surmised correctly, he was with his fencing master. He never alluded to the approaching duel—his conversation was tranquil and on general topics; the affray at the theatre had, however, been bruited about the city—every one knew the duel was to come off, but no one precisely when or where.

We were about to part one night when he said quietly, "To-morrow morning at 5 o'clock two carriages will be at the ramparts, one for myself and second, the other for the surgeon and my master Di Prati. You will pass muster as surgeon. Let me entreat you to make no objection; the details have already been finally arranged. My opponent is provided in a similar way, he and his second in one carriage, De Liancourt, his teacher, and a real surgeon in the other. Be punctual."

At 5 o'clock I found myself in the carriage with Professor Di Prati.

The place of combat was to be near Monga—just beyond the Milan territory—there were reasons for this which need not be particularised.

The morning was cold and cheerless, and when we alighted, which was in about two hours, the day had not brightened. All parties got out of the carriages, the foes saluted each other briefly. I noticed the murderous look in the Austrian's eyes, and I gave up my friend for lost. Without a word being spoken we walked on until we came to an open space, smooth but slippery with the morning dew. This was the spot selected by the two seconds, who, apparently, quite accustomed to such scenes, went about their duties in a steady business-like manner.

Professor Di Prati, who had brought the sword with him, as he handed it to my friend whispered, "Remember—when I drop my handkerchief—*La risposte*."

The Austrian officer disencumbered himself of his cloak, and divested himself of all his upper clothing, leaving his bust uncovered. I never saw so fine a form. Perfectly proportioned on the largest scale, he stood upwards of six feet high; chest, arms, and back billowy with muscle; skin as white as that of the fairest lady.

My friend, seeing the fighting costume adopted by the officer, threw off his black silk vest as if resolving that he would not even have a questionable advantage. In size, he looked a mere dwarf to his athletic opponent; long thin wiry arms, chest narrow, skin almost as dark as a mulatto's, and with a grayish tinge either the effect of cold or fear, that, to my eyes, appeared the forerunner of doom.

The seconds having laid down the swords with the hilts to each combatant, retired and gave the signal.

The duellists picked up the swords, my friend at once betaking himself to the new guard.

The officer for a moment looked with an air of surprise at the attitude, but only for a moment. With a grim smile, in which something of contempt was mixed, he made his advance, and crossed swords with a clash. My friend had profited by his lesson; his face was impassive, his eyes tranquil, his guard as firm as a rock. The officer made a feint which was disregarded—a thrust which was parried with the left. A second feint and a second thrust were foiled in the same way. Another feint, converted into a real attack, was adroitly baffled. The officer's color rose—the eyes of the two professors were on him—his reputation and that of his teacher were at stake. He changed his tactics, disengaging suddenly he raised his sword and discharged a blow at the head with seemingly irresistible force. My little friend could only avert the assault by receiving the sword on the forte of his weapon and dropping as low as possible; so far the parry was successful, but the downward blow which, in reality, was only the *avant courier*, being followed by a thrust under guard, was only parried by the rapid use of the left hand, this time not without mischief, for blood was seen to flow from the hand called into requisition. The officer in making this last thrust, owing to the slippery ground, had given an opening, which my friend, in spite of the previous cautions of his instructor, prepared to take advantage of. The circumstance was noticed by Di Prati, who frowned ominously, and muttered, beneath his breath, "If he break guard, he is lost—hah! bravo, bravo!" The words of approval were drawn from him by noticing what had happened. The last thrust, I have said, brought the officer just barely within range. By a dexterous movement of the wrist the point of my friend's sword was drawn swiftly across the officer's chest. The temper and keenness of the Moorish weapon were here clearly proved, for the touch light as it appeared, laid open flesh and muscle to the bone from the left shoulder sheer across the bust, causing a deluge of blood to follow.

The officer, finding himself severely wounded, became crimson with rage; curbing his passion, he prepared to execute the favorite manœuvre, which hitherto had proved fatal to his opponents. He advanced on my friend, and making a strong cross of his sword, put forth his wonderful strength of wrist.

My attention was called off for a moment to Di Prati, who drew out his handkerchief, held it for a moment, and suddenly dropped it.

Not a moment too soon. The officer had made his open and delivered a swift thrust full at the body of my friend, who having seen the handkerchief drop, brought his left hand again into play. This time two fingers fell to the ground. The next instant a terrific yell assured me that something fatal had occurred. *La ristposte* had been given; my friend's sword was buried deeply in the lower part of the officer's body. The officer instinctively feeling that the wound was mortal, seized the sword with one hand, and shortening his own, made a desperate lunge, only to be warded off by my friend quitting hold of his sword and leaping back out of distance. The force of the thrust carried the officer forward; he fell prone, forcing his opponent's sword into his body up to the very hilt.

The officer cast one look of mingled rage and hate at my friend, the last look on earth, and as he turned convulsively on his back, his eyes closed in death.

The whole party rushed forward. The surgeon drew forth the sword, lifted the dead man, and placed him with his back against a tree.

It was a sight of awe: that form, only a few minutes before so instinct with youthful life, health, and vital energy, now a clod, with a fearful gash across the body, and a wound sufficient to let out half a dozen lives.

As we stood gazing at the frightful spectacle, the two professors approached each other.

"The ruse was cleverly managed," said De Liancourt; "how do you name it?"

"I call it the *Contre-Gavache*," replied Di Prati.

The mocr went home.

My friend had, in the meantime, made his toilet. Having wiped the professor's sword, and picked up the severed fingers, which he wrapped carefully in the professor's handkerchief, he held out his wounded hand to the surgeon, who immediately dressed it and put the arm in a sling.

Advancing to Di Prati, my friend said, "Resume your sword, and take my earnest thanks. Has the pupil satisfied his master?"

"Entirely," replied Di Prati. "He has saved his own life, and restored the reputation of his master."

"Then farewell: I go no more to Milan. If I showed myself there, I should have to fight every officer in the garrison, and to guard my life against every sabre in his troop. Adieu, my friend," shaking hands with me; "my future communications will be dated from Turin."

THE WIDOW'S WOOER.

He woos me with those honeyed words
That women love to hear,
Those gentle flatteries that fall
So sweetly on the ear.
He tells me that my face is fair,
Too fair for grief to shade;
My cheek, he says, was never meant
In sorrow's gloom to fade.

He stands beside me when I sing
The songs of other days,
And whispers, in love's thrilling tones,
The words of heartfelt praise;
And often in my eyes he looks,
Some answering love to see;
In vain—he there can only read
The faith of memory.

He little knows what thoughts awake
With every gentle word;
How, by his looks and tones, the founts
Of tenderness are stirred.
The visions of my youth return,
Joys far too bright to last;
And when he speaks of future bliss,
I think but of the past.

Like lamps in Eastern sepulchres,
Amid my heart's deep gloom,
Affection sheds its holiest light
Upon my husband's tomb.
And as those lamps, if brought once more
To upper air, grow dim,
So my soul's love is cold and dead,
Unless it glows for him.

TEMPER AND THE VOICE.—The influence of temper upon the tone deserves much consideration. Habits of querulousness or ill-nature will communicate a cat-like quality to the singing, as infallibly as they give quality to the speaking voice. That there really exist amiable tones is not an unfounded opinion. In the voice there is no deception; it is to many the index of the mind, denoting moral qualities; and it may be remarked that the low, soft tones of gentle and amiable beings, whatever their musical endowments may be, seldom fail to please; besides which, the singing of ladies indicates the cultivation of their taste generally, and the embellishment of their minds. —*Mordaunt.*

☞ A Massachusetts farmer claims to have a kind of potato "just fifteen minutes earlier than the Early Rose."

OUR CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

Our God in Heaven, from that holy place,
To each of us an angel guide has given;
But mothers of dead children have more grace—
For they give angels to their God and Heaven.

How can she sin? Our hearts may be unheeding,
Our God forgot, our holy saints defied,
But can a mother hear her dead child pleading,
And thrust those little angel-hands aside?

Those little hands stretched down to draw her ever
Nearer to God by mother love;—we all
Are blind and weak, yet surely she can never,
With such a stake in Heaven, fall or fall.

She knows that when the mighty angels raise
Chorus in Heaven, one little silver tone
Is hers forever, that one little praise,
One little happy voice, is all her own.

We may not see her sacred crown of honor,
But all the angels flitting to and fro
Pause smiling as they pass—they look upon her
As mother of an angel whom they know.

* * * * * * *

Ah, saints in Heaven may pray with earnest will
And pity for their weak and erring brothers,
Yet there is prayer in Heaven more tender still—
The little children pleading for their mothers.

Tied to Apron Strings.

Perhaps the greatest misfortune that can befall a man is to have been an only son, brought up by a tender and timid widow mother. It is easy to see at a glance, among a crowd of boys, who has been educated under exclusively feminine influence. The long, curled, shining hair, the fantastic tunic and a frock—the lavish use of embroidery, the soft, pretty behaved manner, the clean unroughened hands, all mark the boy of whom his mother has so often wished that he had been a girl, and whom she has made as much like a girl as possible. His intellectual education has been as unboylike as his daily breeding. Mother's boys are taught to play the piano, to amuse themselves with painting, or netting, or perhaps a little woolwork in the evenings—anything to keep them quietly seated by the family table, without an outbreak of boyish restless or inconvenient energy, but they are never taught to ride, to hunt, to shoot; to swim, to play at cricket, football, or billiards, unless there is a stalwart uncle about who takes the reins in his own at times, and insists on having a word to say about his nephew's education. There is danger in all, and evil in some, of these things; and women cannot bear that those they love should run the risk of either. Wherefore their boys are modest and virtuous truly, but they are not manly; and when they go out into the world, as they must sooner or later, they are either laughed at for their priggishness, or they go to the bad by the very force of reaction.

The mother has allowed them to learn nothing that will be of any use to them, and they enter the great arena wholly unprepared either to fight or to resist, to push their own way or to take their own part. They have been kept tied up to the apron-strings to the last moment, and only when absolutely forced by the necessity of events will she cut the knot and let them go free. But she holds on to the last moment. Even when the time comes for college life and learning, she often goes with her darling, and take lodgings in the town, that she may be near at hand to watch over his health and morals, and continue her careful labors for his destruction. The chances are that a youth so brought up never becomes a real man; or worth his salt anyhow. He is a prig if he is good; a debauchee of the worst kind if he kicks over the traces at all. He is more likely the first, carrying the mark of the apron string round his wrist for life.

Like a tame falcon used to the hood, and the perch, and the lure home, no matter what the temptations of the quarry afield, he is essentially a domestic man, at ease only in the society of women; a fussy man, a small man, delicate in health, and with a dread of strong measures, physical, political, or mental; a crotchety man, and given to passing quackeries, but not a man fit for a man's society, or for a man's work. When there are many boys, instead of only one, in a widow's family, the opposite of all this is the case. As soon as they have escaped from the nursery, they have escaped from all control whatsoever; and if one wants to realize a puerile pandemonium of dirt, discomfort, noise, and general disorganization, the best place in the world is the household of a feeble-spirited mother of many sons, where there is no controlling masculine influence.—*London Saturday Review.*

The Age of Our Earth.

Among the astounding discoveries of modern science, is that of the immense periods that have passed in the gradual formation of the earth. So vast were the cycles of the time preceding even the appearance of man on the surface of our globe, that our own period seems as yesterday when compared with the epochs that have gone before it. Had we only the evidence of the deposits of rocks heaped upon each other in regular strata by the slow accumulation of materials, they alone would convince us of the long and slow maturing of God's works on earth; but when we add to these the successive populations of whose life this world has been the theatre, and whose remains are hidden in the rocks into which the mud, or sand, or soil of whatever kind, on which they lived, has hardened in the course of time—or the enormous chains of mountains whose upheaval divided these periods of quiet accumulation by great convulsions—or the changes of a different nature in the configurations of our globe, as the sinking of lands beneath the ocean, or the gradual rising of continent and islands above—or the slow growth of the coral reefs, those wonderful sea-walks, raised by the little ocean architects, whose own bodies furnish both the building stones and the cement that binds them together, and who have worked so busily during the long centuries that there are extensive countries, mountain chains, islands, and long lines of coast, consisting solely of their remains—or the countless forests that have grown up, flourished and decayed, to fill the storehouses of coal that feed the fires of the human race—if we consider all these records of the past, the intellect fails to grasp a chronology of which our experience furnishes no data, and time that lies behind us seems as much an eternity to our conception, as the future that stretches indefinitely before us.—*Agassiz.*

The Wailing of the Jews in Jerusalem.

The Jews in Jerusalem have purchased the right of the Turkish Government to assemble every Friday afternoon near the Mosque of Omar, against a supposed portion of their ancient temple, and there lament and weep over their fallen city and faded glories.

Men, women and children there assemble, all coming with Bible in hand and dressed in their best suits. The men wear a kind of long dressing-gowns, made of broadcloth, or merino, or calico, of various colors, having the edges trimmed with fur. Their hair is cut short behind the ears, but hangs in long curls in front. The better class of women are clothed in a white, loose dress and shawl.

As they approach the place of weeping they usually lean first, for a short time, with their heads against the wall, but soon begin to swing their bodies back and forth wringing their hands, while a priest or patriarch leads off in reading selections from the prophet in the most wailing tones.

At certain periods all voices join in the cry, tears run down their faces, and they seem to be moved by the most agonizing sorrow. Old men and women were there with whitened locks and feeble steps, and they bowed and wept in deepest grief. Little children, too, were there, their eyes moistened and voices trembling as they joined in the heart-touching lamentations.

No looker-on can doubt but there is sincerity in this service. The Jews feel that Jehovah hears their cries and prayers, and, according to prophesy, will restore to them, after long seasons of bitter wailings, their lost glories; gathering together all the scattered children of Israel, and henceforth permit them to live and die in the holy city, and be buried among the graves of their fathers.

This practice is said to have continued from the twelfth century, and perhaps from an earlier period. By the Emperor Adrian the Jews were driven from the city. During the reign of Constantine they were allowed to approach only near enough to see it; but at length they succeeded in purchasing the privilege of entering it once a year to weep—and at present they are allowed this privilege every Friday.

REMEMBERED.

Have you forgotten it? I never can!
One blessed night in June,
How bright the sky, how pale your face,
In the wan light of the moon.
Do you remember it? For oh, I do!—
The scent of flowers there;
Was it the buds upon the trees,
Or the great rose in your hair?

Have you forgotten it? I never can!
Something I risked that night;
Something I scarcely dared to speak,
Though my heart said I was right.
Do you remember it? For oh! I do!—
The first, the sweetest kiss;
Lift up your face, look in my eyes,
It was such as this—and this!

☞ ANOINTING.—Look at the use of oil for anointing in ancient times. It is difficult to understand its wide diffusion. Yet perhaps a homely instance of it is still to be traced in the use of grease throughout the lower classes, for the sake of cleanliness to keep off insects. The Albanians dip their long shirts in grease—and then never take them off—but are perfectly free from vermin.

BURIAL AMONG THE CHINOOK INDIANS OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

The territory lying on the westward or Pacific side of the Rocky Mountains, is in many respects far preferable to that on the eastern side of the continent. The climate is far more temperate, ranging about 20 deg. higher than on the Atlantic coast. The Indians are found here in larger numbers than on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains. The means of subsistence are obtained with greater ease, while the climate is less severe; and the Indian has, as yet, suffered less from the encroachments of the white man than in the Atlantic territories. Hence the Indians on the western side are estimated at 80,000; while those in the more extensive district of the Red River, Arkansas, &c., are reckoned at only 53,000.

The Indians in the neighborhood of Fort Simpson, opposite Queen Charlotte's Island, are advanced beyond most of their tribes in the arts of building, fishing, dress, &c. Their houses are generally built of timber, and are large and strong, requiring in the erection considerable labor. Some of these houses are distinguished by figures, or crests, denoting the name or rank of the family; as, in some cases, a whale, in others an eagle. Boxes, for goods and for food, are placed all round the house, and recesses are left for sleeping accommodation. "One chief," writes Mr. Duncan, "is now finishing a house which will have a wooden floor and two small windows."

The completion and occupation of a house is celebrated by a feast, similar to what in civilized countries is called a "house-warming." On these occasions the men and women feast separately; but, unlike all other savages, *the women have the precedence.* Mr. D. says, "The other day a party of eight or ten females, dress in their best, came into the Fort-yard, and, with a loud and clear voice, delivered an invitation to three women in the Fort who were related to chiefs. The invitation stated what would be given to the guests, and what cheer they would enjoy. The next day a party of men came and delivered a similar message, inviting the captain in charge."

The engraving represents one of their methods of interment. At Fort Rupert, nearer to Vancouver's Island, Mr. Duncan saw a great number of boxes fastened to pine-trees, at some distance from the ground, which, he was informed, contained their dead. Still further south, the dead are deposited in canoes, which are placed in order, facing the east, on a spot of ground set apart for that purpose.

THE LAST OF THE INCAS.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ATTACK ON POBLACION DEL SUR.

Major Bloomfield, who had made up his mind to lose his life, had no weapons, not even a sword. He halted within hearing distance, and as he spoke decently the Aucas language, which he had learned in previous campaigns, he had no need of an interpreter.

"What do you want, chiefs?" he asked in a loud, firm voice, with a ceremonious bow.

"Are you the man whom the whites call Don Antonio Valverde, and to whom they give the title of Governor?" Churlakin asked in his turn.

"No; our laws prohibit a governor leaving his post; but I am second in command, and he has sent me to you."

The Indians seemed to consult for a moment; then, leaving their long lances planted in the ground, they advanced towards the old officer, who did not evince the slightest surprise at this movement. Churlakin spoke in the name of all.

"My brother is brave," he said, astonished at the major's coolness.

"At my age," the old man replied, "death is a favor."

"My father bears on his forehead the snow of many winters; he must be one of the wisest chiefs of his nation, and the young men round the council fire listen to him respectfully."

"Say no more about me," the major said; "why have you asked for this interview?"

"Will not my father conduct us to the council-fire of his nation?" Churlakin said, in an insinuating tone. "Is it honorable for great warriors, formidable chiefs, thus to discuss serious affairs on horseback between two armies?"

"No chief of the enemy can enter an invested town."

"Does my father fear that our force may take his city?" Churlakin continued with a laugh, though vexed in the highest degree at losing the hope of coming to an understanding with Pincheira.

"I am not accustomed to fear; I only tell you a rule you are ignorant of, that is all. If this pretext is sufficient to break off the interview, you are at liberty to do so, and I will withdraw."

"Oh, oh! my father is quick for his age. Tell me what brings you here?"

The ulmens exchanged a glance, and a few whispered words. At length Churlakin continued—

"Has my father seen the great army of the Aucas?" he said.

"Yes," the major replied carelessly.

"And has my father, who is a white man and has great learning, counted the warriors?"

"Yes."

"Ah! and how many are they, according to his calculation?"

"Their number is but of slight consequence to us."

"Still," the Indian pressed, "does my father know how many they may be?"

"Two hundred thousand at the most."

The chiefs were struck by the negligent way in which the major doubled the strength of their army.

"My father," Churlakin continued, "is not terrified at the number of these warriors who obey a single chief."

"Why should I be so?" the major said, whose attention the surprise of the ulmens had not escaped, "has not my nation vanquished more numerous armies? But we are losing our time in useless words, chief."

"My father must have patience."

"Finish your Indian circumlocutions then."

"The army of the great nation is encamped in front of Carmen, in order to obtain satisfaction for all the wrongs the pale faces have made us endure since their invasion of America."

"Explain yourself clearly. Why do you invade our frontiers? Have we failed in our engagements? Of what do you complain?"

"My father pretends to be ignorant of the just motives for war we have against the whites. His nation has made a treaty with the white men who dwell on the other side of the mountains, and who are our enemies; hence, his nation has no friendship for us."

"Chief, this quarrel is ridiculous. Confess that you desire to plunder our farms, steal our cattle and horses, and I can understand you; but if we were at war with Chili, you would not in the same way. The jest has lasted too long; let us come to facts. What do you want?"

"My father is clever," Churlakin said, with a laugh. "Listen! this is what the chiefs say—'The Negro ulmen, against our rights and his own, sold to my father's ancestors a land which did not belong to him, without the consent of the other ulmens of the country.'"

"What next?" said the major.

"The chiefs assembled round the tree of Gualichu have resolved to give back to the great white chief all the objects from the first to the last formerly given to the Negro ulmen, and take back the country which belongs to them."

"Is that all?"

"All."

"How long do the chiefs give the Governor of Carmen to discuss these propositions?"

"From sunrise to sunset."

"Very good," the old officer said, ironically; "and supposing that the governor refuses, what will my sons do?"

"The colony of the white men will be destroyed by fire, their warriors massacred, and their wives and children carried off into slavery."

"I will transmit your demands to the governor, and to-morrow at sunset, you will have his answer. You will, however, suspend hostilities till then?"

"Keep on your guard."

"Thanks for your frankness, chief; I am delighted to meet an Indian who is not an utter scoundrel. Good-bye till to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" the chief repeated, courteously, and involuntarily affected by the old gentleman's noble bearing.

The major withdrew slowly to the barricades, where the colonel, alarmed by the long interview, had made all preparations to avenge the death of his old friend.

"Well?" he said, as he pressed his hand.

"They are trying to gain time," the major answered, "in order to play us one of their demon's tricks."

"What do they demand, though?"

"Impossibilities, colonel, and they are well aware of it, for they appeared to be laughing at us, when they submitted their absurd demands to me. The Negro cacique, they say, had no right to sell his territory, which they also say we must return to them in twenty-four hours, and then came the bede-roll of their usual threats. Ah! that is not all; they are ready to repay us all that the Negro cacique received for the sale of his lands."

"Why," Don Antonio interrupted, "the fellows must be mad."

"No, colonel, they are robbers."

At this moment tremendous shouts were heard at the barriers, and the two officers hurried up in all haste.

Four or five thousand horses, apparently free, but whose invisible riders were concealed, according to the Indian fashion, along their flanks, were coming at a frightful pace against the barricades. Two rounds of canister produced disorder in their ranks, without checking their speed, and they fell like lightning on the defenders of Poblacion del Sur. Then began one of those terrific fights of the Indian frontier, a cruel and indescribable contest, in which no prisoners were made, the *bolas perdidas*, the *laquis*, the bayonet, and the lance, were their sole weapons. The Indians were immediately reinforced, but the Spaniards did not give way an inch. This desperate struggle lasted for about two hours; the Patagonians seemed to give ground, and the Argentines redoubled their efforts to drive them back to their camp, when, suddenly, the cry was heard behind them—

"Treachery! treachery!"

The major and the colonel, who were fighting in the front rank of the soldiers and volunteers, turned round; they were caught between two fires.

Pincheira, dressed in the uniform of a Chilian officer, was prancing at the head of a hundred gauchos, more or less intoxicated, who followed him, yelling—

"Pillage! pillage!"

The two veteran officers exchanged a long, sad glance, and their determination was formed in a second.

The colonel hurled among the Indians a barrel of gunpowder, with a lighted fuze, which swept them off, as the wind sweeps the dust, and put them to flight. The Argentines, at the major's command, wheeled round and charged the gauchos, commanded by Pincheira. These bandits, with their sabres and bolas in their hands, dashed at the Argentines, who slipped into the open doors of the abandoned houses, in a narrow street, where the gauchos could not manœuvre their horses. The Argentines, who were skillful marksmen, did not throw away a shot; they fell back on the river bank, and kept up a well-sustained fire on the gauchos, who had turned back, and on the Aucas, who had again escaladed the barricades, while the guns of the fort scattered canister and death among them.

The white men crossed the river without any risk, and their enemies installed themselves in the Poblacion del Sur, filling the air with triumphant hurrahs.

The colonel ordered considerable works to be thrown up on the river bank, and placed in them two batteries, of six guns each, whose fire crossed.

Through the treachery of the gauchos the Indians had seized Poblacion del Sur, which, however, was not the key of the place; but this negative success entailed an enormous loss upon them. The colonists, through this, saw their communications interrupted with the estancias on the opposite bank, but luckily the farmers had come into Upper Carmen beforehand with their horses and cattle, and the boats were all moored under the batteries of the fort which protected them. The suburb captured by the assailants was, consequently, entirely empty.

On one side, the Argentines congratulated themselves at having no longer to defend a dangerous and useless post; on the other the Aucas asked themselves of what good this dearly-acquired suburb would prove to them.

Three gauchos, during the fight, were dragged from their horses by the Argentines and made prisoners. One of them was Pincheira, the second Panchito, and the third a man of the name of Diego. A council of war, assembled in the open air, sentenced them to the gallows.

"Well, Diego," asked Panchito, "where is Pincheira?"

"The scoundrel has escaped," honest Panchito replied; "deserted from the army, deserted from the gallows! that is the way in which he breaks all his engagements. He will come to a very bad end."

"Our affair seems clear enough," Diego said with a sigh.

"Nonsense! a little sooner or a little later, what's the odds?"

"The gallows seems to tickle your fancy, Panchito."

"Not exactly," the other answered; "but for four generations my family have been hanged, from father to son; we quite expect it. What will the fiend do with my soul?"

"I do not know."

"Nor do I."

During this edifying conversation two lofty gallows had been erected a little outside the intrenchments on the river bank, in the sight of the whole population and of the gauchos, who, grouped in the Poblacion del Sur, yelled with rage. Panchito and Diego were hung as a warning example; a *bando*, affixed at the foot of the ladder, threatened every insurgent gaucho with the same fate.

While this was going on, night set in, illumined by the burning faubourg conquered by the Indians. The flames tinged the hapless town with fantastic gleams, and the inhabitants, plunged in a gloomy stupor, said to themselves that the flames would soon cross the road and reduce Carmen to ashes. The governor seemed made of iron; he did not take a moment's rest, he visited the forts, heightened drooping spirits, and tried to imbue all with hopes which were far from his heart. As for the Indians, they made two attempts to surprise the town, and, just before dawn, retired to their camp.

"Major," the colonel said, "it is not possible to deceive ourselves. To-morrow, the day after, or in a week, all will be over with us."

"Hum! at the last moment we will blow up the fort."

"We are deprived of even that resource."

"Why so?"

"Old soldiers such as we are, cannot thus dispose of the lives of others."

"You are right," the major continued, precisely; "we will blow out our brains."

"Nor can we do that either, my friend; for we must be the last on the breach."

"But," the major said, after a short silence, for the undeniable reasoning of his superior had crushed him, "how is it that we have received no news yet from Buenos Ayres?"

"They have something else to do there than think about us."

"Oh! I cannot believe that."

A slave announced Don Torribio Carvajal.

Don Torribio came in, dressed in the splendid uniform of a colonel in the Argentine army, with an aid-de-camp's badge on his left arm. The two officers, on his entrance, felt an inward tremor; Don Torribio bowed to them.

"Is it really you, Don Torribio?" the colonel asked.

"Well, I suppose so," he answered, with a smile.

"And your long journey?"

"I have just arrived."

"And this uniform?"

"Well, gentlemen, as I was tired of being regarded in the colony as a mysterious being, a sorcerer, a vampire, or something of the sort, I resolved to become a man, like the rest of you."

"Then you are—?"

"An officer, like yourself, colonel, and, in addition, aid-de-camp to General Rosas."

"It is prodigious," Don Antonio remarked.

"Why so? nothing is more simple, on the contrary."

A strange suspicion had entered the major's mind at Don Torribio's unexpected arrival, a suspicion which only disappeared after he made the following remark:

"Yes," he continued, "I am a colonel. In addition, the President of the Republic has intrusted me with a message, which I feel sure will please you."

And he took from the breast of his uniform a large despatch, sealed with the Argentine arms. The colonel, with the permission of the two officers, opened and perused the mission, and unbounded delight was depicted on his face.

"Oh, oh!" he exclaimed, "two hundred and fifty men! I did not expect such a reinforcement."

"The president is very anxious about the colony," Don Torribio said, "and will spare no sacrifice to preserve it."

"*Viva Dios!* thanks to that succour, Don Torribio, I care no more for the Indians than a wisp of straw."

"It seems that the troops will not arrive too soon."

"It was only just in time, canario," the governor replied imprudently. "Where are your men?"

"They will arrive within an hour."

"What are they?"

"Gauchos."

"Hum!" said the colonel, "I should have preferred any other troops. However, it is of no consequence. With your permission, I will go to meet them."

"I am at your orders."

"Shall I go with you?" the major asked.

"That would be better still," Torribio observed quickly.

"No, major," said Don Antonio. "Stay here, for who knows what may happen during my absence. Come, Don Torribio."

The latter smiled; and it would have been difficult to say what the smile meant. He went out, accompanied by the colonel, and they mounted their horses. As they left the fort a man passed them, walking at a quick pace.

"Pedrito!" Don Torribio muttered to himself; "providing that he has not recognized me, all is well."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CAVE OF THE COUGOUARS.

Pedrito followed his sister without saying a word, and almost as much astonished as Don Valentine and her daughter at Mercedes's devotion. She led him to her bedroom, a charming retreat, full of shade and fresh air. While the bombero eagerly surveyed all the objects, Mercedes, sighing and ready to weep, took a parting glance at her well-beloved room; but she had the courage to repress her tears.

"Sit down, brother. I have a great service to ask of you."

"Hang it! A service, little sister? why assume so solemn an air for such a simple thing?"

"Because it is difficult."

"Nothing is impossible to please you. What is the matter?"

"Swear to me, first, to grant what I am about to ask of you."

"Go on, child, and do not trouble yourself about the rest," Pedrito said, with a hearty laugh.

"No. I must have your oath."

"I have taken it; that is understood. I have all the gravity of an Indian idol."

"You are laughing at me," she said, with tears in her eyes.

"Confound the women!" Pedrito remarked; "they can always twirl men round their fingers. Come, silly child, do not cry any more. I swear to obey your whims. Tell me what it is all about."

"I have promised Dona Concha, my dear brother, to give her within three days news about Don Sylvio."

"What next?"

"I wish to perform my promise."

"The deuce."

"And for that I have counted on you."

"On me?"

"Yes."

"How can I help you?"

"Without you the affair is impracticable."

"In that case, little sister, I am greatly afraid that—"

"Remember your oath."

"Go on. I am listening."

"I have lived a long time among the Indians, whose manners and language I am acquainted with. I intend to get into their camp unnoticed, in order to learn where Don Sylvio is."

"Good-bye, Mercedes."

"And your oath, brother?" she said, placing herself before the door.

"I shall not keep it; and if Heaven thinks that I ought, we will argue the point together."

She looked at her brother for a moment in silence.

"You are quite resolved?" she continued.

"Quite."

"Then, I shall go alone."

"What," Pedrito exclaimed, as he rushed towards her, "do you wish to be the death of me, then?"

Mercedes made no reply.

"Go away, brother. I will do without you."

"Come on! I will follow you. Oh, these women!" the bombero muttered.

"We shall succeed," she exclaimed, joyfully.

"Yes, in getting ourselves killed."

"Let us be off, brother," she said, placing under her arm a small bundle of clothing.

Mercedes, fearing the emotion of a farewell scene, avoided Dona Concha.

Patito had got two horses in readiness, which speedily carried brother and sister far from the estancia. At the battery the capataz was waiting for them.

"Senorita," he said to Mercedes, "you are a noble girl. Heaven will aid and bless you."

"Don Blas," Mercedes answered, with a smile, as she drew from her bosom a small, gold cross Dona Concha had given her, and broke the velvet neck ribbon, "take this cross, and keep it in remembrance of me."

The two travellers had been galloping a long time ere the capataz left off kissing the cross, while thinking that its usual resting-place was on the maiden's heart. Pedrito and his sister rode side by side without exchanging a word, for both were plunged in deep thought.

"How far have we to go?" Mercedes asked all at once.

"Two leagues."

After a while they heard the footfall of a horse behind them, they turned, and perceived Patito, who was making signals to them, and the gaucho soon joined them.

"My mistress is following me," he said.

Dona Concha, dressed in male clothing, came up at the full speed of her horse.

"Ah," she said, on joining them, "I tremble lest I should miss you.

"Are we to turn back?" Pedrito asked, with a fugitive gleam of hope.

"No, no; on the contrary; push on," Concha replied.

"Where are you going, senorita?"

"I am following you."

"What?" he said, fancying he misunderstood her.

"I guessed your plan, Mercedes, and mean to share its perils."

"That is fine, senorita!" Pedrito exclaimed.

"She is right." Mercedes said simply; "that will be better."

"You, Patito," Concha said, "can go back; I have no need of your services."

"Forgive me, but with your permission I will remain; I am not wanted at the estancia, and, though I do not know where you are going, two strong arms are worth keeping."

"Remain, my friend."

"But your father, Don Valentine, senorita?" Perito attempted to say.

"He approves of it," she answered, dryly.

They started again: two hours later they reached the foot of a hill, half-way up which was a natural grotto, known in the country by the name of the Cave of the Cougouars.

"My brothers are there," Pedrito said.

The little party ascended the gentle slope of the hill, and entered the cave on horseback, without leaving any trace of their passage. There were several entrances to this cave; it was divided into several compartments that had no visible communication, and formed a species of labyrinth that meandered under the hill. The bomberos, who knew all its turnings, often employed it as a refuge.

Pepe and Lopez were seated before a heather fire, silently smoking their pipes, and watching a leg of guanaco that was roasting. They saluted the new comers, and remained dumb as the Indians, whose manner they had to some extent assumed in their nomadic life on the pampa. Pedrito conducted the two ladies to a separate compartment.

"While here," he said to them in a low whisper, "say but little, for you can never tell what neighbors you may have. If you want us, you know where we are; I now leave you."

His sister caught his arm and put her lips to his ear, and he went away without making any answer.

The two girls, when alone, threw themselves into each other's arms. When this outburst was over, they disguised themselves as Indian women. At the moment when their Spanish dresses were about to fall, they heard footsteps close to them, and turned like startled fawns.

"I was afraid," Dona Concha said, "lest it was Don Pedro; let us listen."

"Carai, Don Torribio, you are welcome," a man's voice said, hardly three yards from the girls; "I have been waiting for you for more than two hours."

"Always that man!" Concha murmured.

"My good fellow," Don Torribio replied, "it was impossible for me to come sooner."

"Well, here you are, that is the main point," the first speaker remarked.

At this moment Pedrito entered; Mercedes made him a sign to listen, and he came to her side.

"Are you satisfied with your position at Carmen?" Torribio continued.

"Not very greatly, I confess."

"I am going to liberate you, my dear Pincheira; I shall order the attack on Poblacion del Sur to-morrow, and then you will act, I suppose."

"That is settled. By-the-by, I just now came across a poor devil of an Argentine officer, entrusted with a despatch for the governor of El Carmen; it announces help, I suppose."

"*Caramba!* they must make haste. What did you do with the despatch?"

"Here it is."

"Did you kill the Argentine messenger?"

"Well, I fancy so."

"That is right."

"When is the assault to take place?"

"In two days. How is my prisoner, by-the-way?"

"Oh, he is furious."

"He will grow calm. This is what I intend to do, soon as the town—"

But while these words were being spoken, the two men had retired, and the sound of their voices died out in the windings of the cave. When the maidens turned round again Pedrito had disappeared.

"Well," Mercedes said, "what do you think of that singular accident?"

"It is a miracle of heaven."

"Shall we still disguise ourselves?"

"More so than ever."

"For what purpose?" Pedrito said, who had returned. "I now know where Don Sylvio is, and I undertake to restore him to you."

"But your vengeance?" Dona Concha interrupted.

"Let us save him first. Return to the estancia, senorita, and leave me to act."

"No, Don Pedro, I shall not leave you."

"Wait for me here, then, both of you."

Several hours passed, and Pedrito did not return. Alarmed by this inexplicable delay, the two girls joined the other two bomberos in the front cave. Night had set in when Pedrito returned; he brought an enormous bale on the neck of his horse, which was panting with fatigue.

"Put on these gauchos' dresses," he said to the two ladies; "we are going to get inside Carmen. The journey will be a rough one, but make haste, for every moment lost is an hour of danger for us."

They ran off to dress themselves, and were ready in a moment.

"Take your Indian robes," Pedrito said, "for they may be useful to you. Good! now follow me, and be cautious!"

The three bomberos, the two girls, and Patito left the cave, and glided through the darkness like shadows, marching in Indian file, at one moment stooping down to the ground, crawling on their knees, and trying as far as possible to hide their passage. It was a singular and dangerous journey, in the depths of night, and across a desert whose thickets in time of war are peopled with invisible enemies. Pedrito had placed himself as the head of the party. Dona Concha, excited by the courage which love imparts, stained the prickles with her blood, but not a single complaint passed her lips. After three hours of extraordinary effort, the little party that followed Pedrito's track suddenly stopped on his stopping.

"Look!" he said to them, in a whisper, "we are in the heart of the Aucas' camp."

All around them in the moonbeams they saw the Indian sentinels leaning on their lances and watching over the safety of their brothers. A shudder ran over the maidens; fortunately, the guards, not fearing a sortie from Carmen, were sleeping at their posts, but the slightest badly calculated movement or stumble might wake them. Hence, Pedrito recommended them to redouble their prudence, if they wished to save their lives.

About two hundred yards in front of them rose the first houses of Carmen, gloomy, silent, and apparently at least deserted or plunged in silence. The six adventurers had cleared one half the distance, when suddenly, at the moment when Pedrito stretched out his arm to shelter himself behind a sand-hill, several men crawling on the opposite side, found themselves face to face with him.

There was a moment of terrible anxiety.

"Who goes there?" a low and threatening voice asked.

"Pedrito the bombero."

"Who is with you?"

"My brothers."

"Pass."

Ten minutes after this encounter they reached the barriers, which were at once opened on Pedrito mentioning his name, and they were at length safe in Carmen. It was high time; in spite of their resolution and courage, the two girls, worn out with fatigue, could no longer support themselves. So soon as the danger had passed, their nervous excitement gave way, and they fell utterly exhausted. Pedrito raised his sister in his arms; Pepe took charge of Dona Concha, and they proceeded to Don Valentine's house, where fresh difficulties awaited them. Tio Peralta refused to open the gate, but on at length recognizing his mistress, he led the travellers into a room and lit the candles.

"What are we to do now?" Dona Concha asked, as she fell back into a chair.

"Nothing just at present," Pedrito answered. "Rest yourself, senorita, and regain your strength."

"Shall we remain for long in this state of inaction, which kills us?"

"Only till to-morrow. We must not run blindly into danger, but prepare everything for the success of our plans, and watch for the propitious moment. To-morrow at the latest, those men, whose conversation we overheard, will attempt an attack on Poblacion del Sur. As for us, we shall be more at liberty to enter the Indian camp. Keep your presence in Carmen a secret from everybody, and give no sign of life till I return. Good-bye till to-morrow morning."

"Are you not going to rest, Don Pedro?"

"I have no time."

Pedrito left the room. Dona Concha recommended the utmost silence to Tio Peralta, and dismissed her companions, who went off to sleep in hastily prepared apartments.

Mercedes would not separate from her friend, and they reposed on the same couch. In spite of their wish to remain awake, nature was the stronger, and they soon fell into a deep sleep. The sun was already high on the horizon when they opened their eyes again. They dressed themselves and breakfasted with their companions, impatiently awaiting the bombero's return.

Several hours passed, lacerating Dona Concha's heart, and making her love bleed; the recollection of her betrothed husband, covered with the shadow of death, painfully troubled her thoughts.

At length the town bells rang out a full peal to call the population under arms, and acted as a gloomy accompaniment to the dull booming of the cannon and the flashes of the musketry fire. Without doubt the Indians were attacking Poblacion del Sur; but where was Pedrito? Dona Concha asked herself, as she walked, like a lioness in a cage, up and down the room, devoured by anxiety and despair.

"Listen!" she said to Mercedes, as she turned her head toward the door.

"It is he!" Mercedes replied.

"At last!" Conchita exclaimed.

"Here I am, senorita," Pedrito said; "are you ready?"

"Ever since the morning," she answered reproachfully.

"It would have been too soon," he said quietly; "now if you like."

"At once."

"Senorita, be dumb; whatever you may hear and see, leave me to speak and act alone. Stay! here is a mask for each of you, with which you will conceal your faces. When I give the word come in."

All three left the house unnoticed, for the townspeople were guarding the barricades or engaged in the furious contest going on in Poblacion del Sur.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OVER our hearts and into our lives
Shadows will sometimes fall;
But the sunshine is never wholly dead,
And Heaven is shadowless overhead,
And God is over all.

☞ The laws of Japan, which are regarded as sacred in their origin, provide that the husband of a seduced wife shall have full power to slay the woman and her seducer; but he is forbidden to slay one of them and spare the other. This is different from the custom prevalent in America.

☞ The report of the Railroad Commissioners of New Hampshire upon the Grand Trunk line from Montreal to Boston, says that the cars do not travel as fast as the stages, and a freight train ran off the track thirteen times in going eight miles.

☞ The length of the Pacific railroad is such that a courtship recently begun in Ohio was consummated in a marriage before the two travellers reached the end of their route.

How Smith Asked the Old Man.

Smith had just asked Mr. Thompson's daughter if she would give him a lift out of bachelordom, and she had said "Yes."

It therefore became absolutely necessary to get the old gentleman's permission, so, as Smith said, the arrangements might be made to hop the conjugal twig.

Smith said he'd rather pop the interrogatory to all of old Thompson's daughters, and his sisters, and his lady cousins, and his aunt Hannah, in the country, and the whole of his female relations, than ask old Thompson. But it had to be done, and so he sat down and studied out a speech which he was to disgorge at old Thompson the very first time he got a shy at him. So Smith dropped in on him one Sunday evening, when all the family had meandered around to meeting, and found him doing a sum in beer measure.

"How are you, Smith?" said old Thompson, as the former walked in, white as a piece of chalk, and trembling as if he had swallowed a condensed earthquake. Smith was afraid to answer, 'cause he wan't sure about that speech. He knew he had to keep his grip on it while he had it there, or it would slip from him quicker than an oiled eel through an augur hole. So he blurted out—

"Mr. Thompson, sir: Perhaps it may not be unknown to you, that during an extended period of some five years, I have been busily engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise—"

"Is that so, and keepin' it a secret all this time, while I thought you were tendin' store? Well, by George, you're one of them now, ain't you?"

Smith had begun to think it all over again, to get the run of it.

"Mr. Thompson, sir: Perhaps it may not be unknown to you, that during the extended period of five years, I have been busily engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise, with the determination to secure a sufficient maintenance—"

"Sit down, Smith, and help yourself to beer. Don't stand there holdin' your hat, like a blind beggar, with paralysis. I never have seen you behave yourself so queer in all my born days."

Smith had been knocked out again, and so he had to wander back again and take a fresh start.

"Mr. Thompson, sir: It may not be unknown to you, that during an extended period of five years, I have been engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise, with the determination to procure a sufficient maintenance—"

"A which ance?" asked old Thompson; but Smith held on to the last word as if it was his only chance, and went on:

"In the hope that some day I might enter wedlock, and bestow my earthly possessions upon one whom I could call my own. I have been a lonely man, sir, and have felt that it is not good for man to be alone; therefore I would—"

"Neither is it, Smith; I'm glad you dropped in. How's the old man?"

"Mr. Thompson, sir," said Smith, in despairing confusion, raising his voice to a yell, "it may not be unknown to you that, during an extended period of a lonely man, I have been engaged to enter wedlock, and bestowed all my enterprise on one whom I could determine to be good for certain possessions—no, I mean—that is—that—Mr. Thompson, sir: It may not be unknown—"

"And then, again, it may. Look here, Smith; you'd better lay down and take something warm—you ain't well."

Smith, swearing like a four-year old colt, went in again.

"Mr. Thompson, sir: It may not be lonely to you to prosecute me whom you a friend, for a commercial maintenance, but—but—ch—dang it—Mr. Thompson, sir: It—"

"Oh, Smith, you talk like a fool. I never seen a more first-class idiot in the course of my whole life. What's the matter with you, anyhow?"

"Mr. Thompson, sir," said Smith, in an agony of bewilderment, "it may not be known that you prosecuted a lonely man who is not good for a commercial period of wedlock for some five years, but—"

"See here, Mr. Smith, you're drunk, and if you can't behave better than that, you'd better leave; if you don't, I'll chuck you out, or I'm a Dutchman."

"Mr. Thompson, sir," said Smith, frantic with despair, "it may not be unknown to you that my earthly possessions are engaged to enter wedlock five years with a sufficiently lonely man, who is not good for a commercial maintenance—"

"The very deuce he isn't. Now you jist git up and git, or I'll knock what little brains out of you you've got left."

With that, old Thompson took Smith and shot him into the street as if he'd run him against a locomotive, going out at the rate of forty miles an hour. Before old Thompson had time to shut the front door, Smith collected his legs and one thing and another that were lying around on the pavement, arranged himself in a vertical position, and yelled out:

"Mr. Thompson, sir: It may not be known to you"—which made the old man so wretched mad that he went out and set a bull terrier on Smith before he had a chance to lift a brogan, and there was a scientific dog-fight, with odds in favor of the dog, for he had an awful hold for such a small animal.

Smith afterwards married the girl, and lived happily about two months. At the end of that time he told a confidential friend that he would willingly take more trouble and undergo a million more dog bites to get rid of her.

☞ A Southern paper insinuates that gentlemen who part their hair in the middle thereby imitate the wisdom of Solomon, who once proposed to settle a dispute between two women by parting the heir in the middle.

☞ A Paris paper tells a charming story of clever precocity: "Mamma," said a girl of fourteen years, you never let me play charades, but I know how to make them, too. Listen. My first is a domestic animal. My second is what every woman tries to conceal. My whole is the beginning of liberty. Can you guess it?" "No." "But, mamma, it is very simple. It is *mari-age.*" It is, we suppose, hardly worth while to remind any one that *mari* is the French for a husband.

☞ A. M. Winslow & Sons, Putney, Vt., lost two bulls recently, valued at $4,000, through the carelessness of a hired man, who washed the animals all over with tobacco essence for the purpose of destroying the lice, but the death of the bulls was the consequence.

The Use of Ears.

How many of us examine ourselves with reference to the use of our ears? If there is one thing that has been repeated over and over again, it is the caution about hearing. How many persons there are that use their ears, not to hear what they do not want to hear, or what it might do them good to hear? How many there are that use their ears as a bolting-cloth, only to catch the bran and let the flour go. How many there are that hear everything that is keen and pungent, and salient in scandal, and nothing that is favorable, commendable, praiseworthy of men! How many persons are, in regard to hearing, like sentinels, who, when set to take care of things that are good, are always asleep, but who, when set to take care of things that are bad, never go to sleep! How many persons are there that form any conception of what the character of their life is in this matter?

One man goes home and sits down, and his companion says to him, "My dear, what have you heard to-day?" and he commences to descant on the things that he has heard; and it would seem as if he had been carried by God's providence into so many pleasant ways, as if he had heard so many pleasant things, that he had been signally blessed. Another man goes home, and sits down, and when he is asked, "What have you heard to-day?" says, "Heard? I have heard some queer things!" And he goes on and tells something that he has heard about this man to his discredit; something derogatory to that woman's character; something that implicates his next-door neighbor; some story that a man should never hear, or having heard, should never repeat—things that one would suppose he must have gone through a pandemonium to hear.—*Beecher.*

The Japanese.

Every Japanese, no matter how low his station, how small his means, how small his dwelling, prides himself upon its exquisite neatness. Cleanliness is universal. The matting on the floors of the poorest habitations is scrupulously clean. The utensils, mostly made of wood, are scoured and polished perpetually, until they always look as if they had just left the hands of the carpenter. We have sometimes stayed at farm-houses for a few days, and in the event of a scarcity of tables, have not had the slightest objection to having our meals laid out on the floor, and partaking of them sitting *a la Turque*, or lying at full length. Sport in Japan is very good, and there is no lack of excitement, as fires are perpetually occurring, which is not surprising where all the houses are made of paper, and nobody thinks anything of leaving a lighted torch against the wall. Wrestling is a favorite national sport; and the authors' description of the training and the performances of the huge wrestlers, who are enormously fat and heavy, is more curious than pleasant. So is their account of the mode and *material* of eating in Japan. But one dwells with unalloyed pleasure and wonder on the pictures of the unsurpassed scenery of the country, and especially on the most charming description in the book, that of the summer residence of Prince Satsuma, and the gardens, "such as you read of in the Arabian Nights, but never come across in European real life." They are three miles in extent, a perfect labyrinth of taste and beauty; and to look at them is to be forced to acknowledge that the best of our miniature landscape-gardeners are generations behind the great masters of the art in so-called barbarous Japan.

Petrifaction.

W. P. Bain, M. D., writes as follows to the Lancet, on the subject of Dr. Marini's preparations of the human body:

"Having handled some of his preparations in Florence last autumn, I am able to say that he is the inventor of a mode of turning the human body or any part of it into stone, in any attitude that may be desired. I inclose the photograph of a Senator of the Italian Parliament taken four months after his decease, in which he is represented seated in his chair, with his clothes on, just as when alive, his eyes retaining in an astonishing degree the vivacity of life. I also enclose the photograph of a table, the slab of which is formed of pieces of the human body—brain, muscles, etc.,—all turned into stone, and which, when struck by me, sounded as a marble table. I also inspected a lady's foot, likewise petrified, and which had every appearance of marble, until, upon close inspection, the texture of the skin was apparent. Dr. Marini showed me, too, some specimens of the human body which were in a moist and perfect condition, preserved for years. He assured me also that the week before he had dined off a duck which had been killed months previously. The foot of a mummy was in his apartment at the time of my visit, in which the color assumed that of life, and the toes were perfectly flexible.

"I am perfectly certain that these inventions are genuine, and of high value."

The Eclipse.

The great eclipse of the sun, which takes place on the 7th of August next, will be the subject of much interest to all, and especially to the astronomers, who are extensively preparing for accurate observations.

It will be seen, either as a partial or total eclipse, throughout Eastern Asia, all of North America and the West Indies, and will be the most interesting eclipse that has occurred, or will occur, in the United States, for many years. Professor Hall, of the Washington Observatory, has already started for Alaska, to note it there. The total eclipse enters the United States near the source of Milk river, in longitude 30 degs. West. It is total at Burlington, Iowa; Springfield, Ill.; Louisville, Ky.; Raleigh, Newbern, and Beaufort, N. C. At Newark 10 digits, or five-sixths, of the sun will be obscured, at Boston 9 digits, at Philadelphia 10½, at Albany 9½, at Rochester 8½, at St. Paul 11½, at Montreal 8½. In New England the eclipse commences from 5 to 5.30 P. M., and ends about sunset. A little more than three-fourths of the sun's disc will be obscured.

CHANGING SIDES.—Mr. Sumner, we read in the news from America, is about to pay a visit to the Pacific Coast, to lecture on the *Alabama* question.

Mr. Sumner upon the *Alabama* question, on the Pacific side! A case of the wrong man in the right place surely!—*London Punch.*

☞ According to the Cincinnati Times, the railroad to Louisville "will bind the two cities together like a pair of cats tied by the tails."

A Splendid Aquarium.

The aquarium recently opened at Berlin, is described as the most magnificent in Europe, and in fact in the world. The first room is a hall paved with marble, having snake and lizard cages on either side. From this room the visitor passes to a balcony, running above a large rocky cavern, with a pool below, tenanted by water fowl. An adjoining room is also arranged as a nearly circular cavern, with basins in the rock work around the side, and with a magnificent aviary in the middle containing more than a thousand birds, appearing to occupy only one large cage of wire gauze. On closer examination, however, it is discovered that this large cage is divided by very delicate wire partitions, radiating from the centre, so that only about one hundred birds occupy the same compartment. From the aviary a rocky vaulted passage leads to the aquarium, strictly so called, and also to the lower part of the cavern. The imitation rock work is reported to be true to nature, and the general effect of the different apartments is described as very imposing.

The Autumn Leaves.

The change of color of the leaves in Autumn from green to red has been attributed to the effect of acid, and it was asserted that the green color could be restored by submitting the leaves to the action of an alkali. This hypothesis, however, was advanced without any basis of facts to support it, but the London Athenæum now asserts that the theory has been established by experiment. Autumn leaves placed under an exhausted receiver with vapor of ammonia, it is asserted, in nearly every instance lost the red color and renewed their green. In some leaves, such as the sassafras, the blackberry and maple, the change was rapid, and could be watched by the eye, while others, particularly certain oaks, turned gradually brown, without showing any appearance of green.

☞ Western Russia is almost entirely covered with a dense forest of magnificent trees. This forest is so dense that it is said that a squirrel might travel on tree-tops the entire distance from St. Petersburg to Moscow without touching the ground.

☞ A kind physician, living near Boston, wishing to smooth the last hours of a poor woman whom he was attending, asked her if there was anything that he could do for her before she died. The poor soul, looking up, replied: "Doctor, I have always thought that I should like to have a glass butter dish before I died!"

☞ A correspondent points out that the suggested derivation of the name of the horse-chestnut, from the figure of a horse's foot seen at the intersection of the twigs, is more ingenious than correct. The prefix *horse* in a number of compound words means simply *large or coarse*, as horse-leech, horse-laugh, horse-fly, horse-radish, and it may in this sense be etymologically identified with *gross*. A horse-chestnut is therefore a gross, large or coarse, chestnut—the resemblance of the fruit to the sweet chestnut having doubtless suggested the name.

☞ EPSOM SALTS MADE PALATABLE.—Let him be thanked who makes medicine palatable. There is not a more useful physic than Epsom salts, nor yet one more nauseous. Think of its nastiness being turned into sweet savour! According to the statement of a German chemist, if ordinary roasted and ground coffee be boiled up with the salt solution, all disagreeable taste is removed, and the mixture becomes actually pleasant. The proportions may be, by weight, one of coffee to three of salts, to ten of water. Boil, strain, bottle and drink *quantum sufficit*.

☞ The exhibitor and agent of a patent non-explosive gas generator at Toledo was blown up by his own machine, in the presence of a large audience, the other day.

☞ An immense harvest of chignons was gathered from the scene of the most violent Paris riots the next morning. They were advertised to be returned on application at police headquarters, but few were claimed.

☞ A young lady in New Orleans imagines herself a great statesman, and annoys her family greatly by dressing in male garments and making harangues from the front balcony, whenever she can elude their watch over her.

☞ It is said that there are four thousand kinds of butterflies and moths in the United States, and 1,000 pair of moths will produce 800,000 caterpillars the first year, 45,000,000 the second, and 6,850,000,000 the third. But one bird will destroy 1,000,000 caterpillars in a season, a pair of birds double this, and four or five young birds 3,000,000 more. Baron Von Tschudi, the well-known Swiss naturalist, says that without birds agriculture is impossible. That birds annihilate in a few months a greater number of destructive insects than human hands can accomplish in the same number of years.

☞ A horological reform is talked of, so that all the clocks in the world should strike the same hour at the same time, at every place on the globe, and that the indications of our watches would express a coincidence of time wherever we might happen to be.

☞ Near Cheyenne has been discovered an immense tract of land covered with edible mushrooms of extraordinary size and delicious flavor. One is spoken of which was seven inches in diameter, with a stem two inches thick, and which weighed a pound.

☞ A few days since, says the Hannibal (Mo.) Courier, a young widow purchased a shirt in a Hannibal clothing store, and gave directions to have it handed to a young man who would call for it. The young man soon appeared and donned the garment in the store. He then hunted up the widow, and the two went before the Recorder and straightway were made one flesh.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There is very little demand. Sales 9000 bbls at $5@5,50 for superfine; $5,75@6 for extra; $6@7,50 for low grade and fancy North-West extra family; $6@7,50 for Pennsylvania extra family; $6,75@8 for Ohio and Indiana family; $8,50@10,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour—600 bbls sold at $6,25.

GRAIN—The receipts of New Wheat are increasing. 10,000 bus prime Delaware sold at $1,30@1,35; 2000 bus choice at $1,38; 2500 bus fair at $1,40@1,45; 30,000 bus of old red at $1,45@1,50; 3000 bus of No. 1 spring at $1,50; 6000 bus of old amber at $1,60@1,65, the latter rate for choice, and small lots of old white at $1,57@1,75 ₩ bus. Rye—2000 bus sold at $1,40@1,50 ₩ bus for Western and Penna. Corn—20,000 bus of prime yellow sold at $1@1,15, and 30,000 bus of Western mixed at $1@1,15. Oats—60,000 bus sold at 73@80c for prime Penna and Western, and 68@70c ₩ bus for light Penna.

☞ Provisions, Cotton, &c., about the same as last quoted.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1611 head. The prices realized from 9¼@9¾ cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $35 to 60 ₩ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 4¼@6c ₩ lb. 2500 Hogs sold at from $13,00 to 13,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents for each additional insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

☞ An English clergyman lately thanked from the pulpit two courageous members of his congregation who had waited on him to protest—one against the "rapid utterances" of the reverend gentleman, and the other against his dreary long sermons. So far from being offended at these friendly remonstrances, the preacher expressed his desire to endeavor to profit by them.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
FOR
GENTLEMEN AND THEIR SONS.

Question. Which is the LARGEST Clothing House in Philadelphia?
Answer. Wanamaker & Brown's Oak Hall, at the corner of Sixth and Market streets.
Question. Which Clothing House has the BEST assortment?
Answer. Wanamaker & Brown's, Sixth and Market streets.
Question. Which is the CHEAPEST place to buy Clothing for Gents, Boys and Children?
Answer. Wanamaker & Brown's, Sixth and Market streets.
Question. Why is WANAMAKER & BROWN'S the largest Clothing House in the city?
Answer. Because it contains more rooms and covers a larger space than any other house in this line of trade in Philadelphia. Besides this, it is largest in sense of selling more goods than any other Clothing House in the city.
Question. Why do Wanamaker & Brown have the BEST assortment?
Answer. Because they always have the largest number of garments on hand for customers to make selections from, and their goods are always FRESHER, a large business keeping a steady flow of new goods to their counters all the time.
Question. Why is Wanamaker & Brown's CHEAPER than other places?
Answer. Because their system of doing business, buying in first hands, gives them great advantages, and their very large sales afford moderate profits.
Question. Do they have fine goods "READY MADE," as well as lower grades?
Answer. All Qualities and Styles are kept on hand in all the sizes.
Question. Do they have BOYS' CLOTHING?
Answer. An IMMENSE assortment. They have recently added a large room on the first floor (so that parents do not have to go up stairs), and have a splendid stock of Boys' Garibaldis, Bismarcks, and every description of Children's Clothing.
Question. How can I be satisfied that all this is so?
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MUSKET SHOT GUNS WARRANTED to shoot close and kill 60 yards. Price, $2.50. Wanted.—Army Guns and Revolvers. Send stamp for price list Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, to JOHNSTON'S GUN WORKS, Pittsburg, Pa.

$9 a Day for all. Address A. J. FULLAM, N. Y.

$20 A DAY to Male and Female agents to introduce the BUCKEYE $20 SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES. Stitch alike on both sides, and is the only LICENSED SHUTTLE MACHINE in the market sold for less than $40. All others are infringements, and the seller and user are liable to prosecution and imprisonment. Full particulars free. Address W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

$10 Per Day Guaranteed
Agents to sell the **Home Shuttle Sewing Machine.** It makes the *Lock Stitch, alike on both sides*, has the under-feed, and is equal in every respect to any sewing machine ever invented. Price $35. Warranted for 5 years. Send for circular. Address JOHNSON, CLARK & Co., Boston, Mass., Pittsburg, Pa., or St. Louis, Mo.

$3,500 PER YEAR to sell "*Wonder of the World.*" J. C. TILTON, Pittsburg, Pa.

FOR $100 PER LINE
We will insert an advertisement in **one thousand Newspapers, one month.** The List includes **single papers of over 100,000 circulation weekly,** more than **100 daily papers,** in which the advertiser obtains 24 insertions to the month, and the **leading papers in more than 500 different towns and cities. Complete files can be examined at our office.** Send stamp for our circular. Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Advertising Agents, New York.

WANTED—AGENTS—$75 to $200 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This machine will stitch, hem, full, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only $18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay $1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay agents from $75 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address SECOMB & CO., PITTSBURG, PA., BOSTON, MASS., or ST. LOUIS, MO.

CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured.

WANTED—AGENTS—To sell the AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE. Price $25. The simplest, cheapest and best Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit 20,000 stitches per minute. Liberal inducements to agents. Address AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO., Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

TO THE LADIES.—For 10 cts. we will send by return mail two papers Milward's *ASSORTED NEEDLES*, and catalogue of *DRY AND FANCY GOODS* which can be sent by mail. MESERVE & CO., 35 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Advertising Agents,
40 Park Row, New York.

WHAT ADVERTISERS SAY.

The firm, whose letter we print below, gave us in 1867 what was then the largest contract we had ever received for our "Lists of 100 Local Newspapers." The fact that they this year renew the order and increase the amount, is the best argument we can give that these "Lists" are good advertising mediums.

LIPPINCOTT & BAKEWELL,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Axes, Shovels, Saws, &c.,
No. 118 Water Street,
PITTSBURG, PA., Dec. 3, 1868.

Messrs. GEO. P. ROWELL & Co.:
Gentlemen:—One year ago with much hesitation we gave you an advertisement for one of your Lists of One Hundred local papers; a very short time thereafter we unhesitatingly added two more Lists of One Hundred papers.
But a short time elapsed before we were inquired of on every side for "Colburn's Patent Red Jacket Ax," proving to us that your plan of Lists had reached the very parties to whom we wanted to introduce the new patent Ax.
The year having now nearly gone by, we cannot but believe your system of advertising by "Lists of Local Papers" is just the kind of advertising we want, and we to-day forward you an order still adding one more List of One Hundred papers, making the number now altogether four (4) Lists of One Hundred (100) local papers.
The more we talk with newspaper agents and editors' agents the more satisfied we are that the arrangement we have made with you is preferable to any we have ever heard of. The merit of the Ax itself has, of course, something to do with the great demand for it, but we are satisfied that by your system of advertising by "Lists" we have accomplished in one year what would have ordinarily taken us five years to accomplish. Respectfully,
LIPPINCOTT & BAKEWELL.

SEND FOR OUR 24 PAGE CIRCULAR which contains: A List of over One Thousand Newspapers, (*the best advertising mediums,*) and price cards showing advertising rates, and much valuable information on the subject of advertising, free for 3 cent stamp. Address
GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Advertising Agents,
No. 40 Park Row, N. Y.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Clergyman's Joke.

I was spending the night in a hotel in Freeport, Illinois. After breakfast I went into the sitting-room, where I met a pleasant, chatty, good-humored traveller, who, like myself, was waiting for the morning train from Galena. We conversed freely and pleasantly on different topics, until seeing two young ladies meet and kiss each other in the street, just about the time the train was approaching the station.

"Come," said he, taking up his carpet-bag, "since we are on so sweet a subject, let us have a practical application. I'll make a proposition to you. I will agree to kiss the most beautiful lady in the cars from Galena, you being the judge, if you will kiss the next prettiest, I being the judge."

This proposition staggered mea little, and I could hardly tell whether he was in earnest or fun; but as he would be as deeply in it as I could be, I agreed, provided he would do the first kissing, though my heart failed somewhat when I saw his jet black eyes fairly dance with daring.

"Yes," said he, "I'll try it first. You take the back car, and go in from the front end where you can see the faces of the ladies, and stand by the one you think the handsomest, and then I will come in from behind and kiss her."

I had hardly stepped inside the cars when I saw at the first glance one of the loveliest-looking women my eyes ever fell upon. A beautiful blonde, with auburn hair, and a bright, sunny face full of love and sweetness, and as radiant and glowing as the morning. Any further search was totally unnecessary. I immediately took my stand in the aisle by her side. She was looking out of the window earnestly, as if expecting some one. The back door of the car opened, and in stepped my hotel friend. I pointed my finger at her, little dreaming that he would dare carry out his pledge, and you may imagine my horror and amazement when he stepped up quickly behind her, and stooping over her, kissed her with a relish that made my "mouth water." I expected, of course, a shriek of terror, and a row generally, followed by a knock-down; but astonishment succeeded astonishment when I saw her return the kisses with at least compound interest.

Quick as a flash he turned around and said—

"Now, my dear sir, it is your turn," pointing at a hideously ugly, wrinkled old woman who was sitting in the seat behind.

"Oh, you must excuse me! you must!" I hastily exclaimed. "I am sold this time. I give up. Do tell me whom you have been kissing."

"Well," said he, "since you are a man of so much taste, and such quick perception, I'll let you off." And we all burst into a hearty peal of laughter, as he said: "This is my wife. I have been waiting for her. I knew it was a safe proposition."

He then told the story to his wife, who looked ten-fold sweeter as she heard it.

Before we reached Chicago we had exchanged cards, and I discovered that my genial companion was an Episcopalian preacher of Chicago, whose name I had frequently heard. Whenever I go to Chicago I always go to hear him, and a heartier, more natural preacher is hard to find. He was then a young man; he is now one of the ablest divines of the Episcopal denomination in the West.

The Glass Eye.

A gentleman tells the following story, and vouches for its having occurred to himself. Some years ago he lost an eye, and having a taste for comely personal appearance, he had the loss of the member atoned for by the insertion of a glass optic. The counterfeit was a perfect counterpart of the other, and except those who were told of the fact, none would have imagined him to be the "bully boy with the glass eye." Two or three weeks ago the seeing eye began to inflame, and knowing, by sad experience, the danger of neglecting a sore eye, he determined to consult an oculist, and not knowing which was the proper one to go to, was unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of a man who practices the profession, but who, until within a short time, has been engaged in the butchering business. Calling upon the "celebrated oculist and aurist," he told him that his eyes were affected with disease, and he feared that he would lose them. The quack examined the optics, and pronounced them an easy cure. In fact, he would warrant a cure in two months, and he would heal them up at a low figure, only ten dollars a week for treatment.

"What do you think of my left eye, doctor?" asked our friend, whose faith was not very strong.

The doctor examined the left optic very carefully for several moments, and then said,

"I find the epithelium slightly opatic, with considerable subcutaneous conjunctive in the cellular retina of the corneal chirrhosis."

"Can the thing ever be cured?" asked the patient, who was now convinced the fellow was an unmitigated humbug.

"Oh, yes; I can cure that in a very short time. I have some vegetable acid which I extract from a plant known only to myself, which will render that eye perfectly well in six weeks."

"Do you really mean to say that I can see out of that eye again? for, to tell you the truth, I have not been able to see out of it for a long time."

"To be sure I do, just as well as I do out of mine. This 'ere vegetable acid of mine is truly wonderful; there are not any eyes that can resist it. It fixes them all."

"Then you can go ahead on that one, and if you fix it all right, I will let you attend to the other one."

The doctor took out a large syringe, filled it with his vegetable acid, and approached our friend for the purpose of making an application, when he raised his hands to his eye, opened the eyelids, took the glass optic from the socket, and handing it to the operator, said,

"Doctor, I haven't time to stop for treatment, you can keep the eye here, and as soon as you get it to see, I will call and get it."

HUSBANDS.—A Paris journal has a capital cartoon which represents two young married ladies chatting about their husbands.

"What," says one of them, "you permit your husband to smoke in your rooms?"

"Certainly I do, but he spends his evenings with me," replied the other.

"Yes, at that price!"

"My dear friend, a shrewd wife avails herself of her husband's faults to repress his vices!"

A PERFECT CURE.

TOWN MAN.—"How jolly it must be, living down here in the country!"

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.—"Oh, I don't know. It's rather a torpid sort of life; time passes very slowly."

TOWN MAN.—"Time passes slowly? You should give a note for $5,000 at three months!"

Facts Not Generally Known.

The following answers were sent up in a recent examination in one of the English public schools:—

"1. Give an Account of Raleigh."

"He was passing throw the forest When Walter Terral seeing a dear pass by he puled his boe, and the arer stuck a tree and glance off and hit Walter Raleigh throw the head and Walter Terral seeing him dead at wonce feld. And a few years afterward a man was passing by and found the boddy and at once called some people and they took the boddy and buried him in Wincester Kerfideral."

"2. The Policy of Queen Elizabeth."

"Queen Elizabeth was very fond of wriding and she did not live long but rained very short time."

"3. The Causes that led to Dissatifaction with Charles the First."

"Because they did not like him and he ran about when his head was cut off."

"4. The Principal Battles of the Civil War."

"There was the crimmear and the war of the read roses and the war of the wite roses."

"5. Life of Charles the First."

"Charles the I was a very good king. He came to the frome 1886 and rained 13 years and he was hated by every one and no one loved him, and he was executed and he ran about when his head was cut off."

A Handsome Mistake.

"How are you, handsome?" said one gentleman to another, in a public place in Boston. The person addressed, looked inquiringly into the face of the speaker, an utter stranger, who continued, "You are handsome, are you not?"

"Well," said the other, smiling, and rather puzzled to know what his interlocutor was aiming at, "my friends tell me sometimes that I am not bad-looking."

A hearty laugh followed the explanatory answer—it was not a handsome man, but a man by the name of Handsome, that was wanted.

PUTTING IT VERY STRONGLY.—The following, about a little boy whose guinea-pig died, is from "The Gates Ajar:"

"Oh, mamma," he sobbed out from behind his handkerchief, "don't great big elephants have souls?"

"No, my son."

"Nor camels, mamma?"

"No."

"Nor bears, nor alligators, nor chickens?"

"Oh, no, dear!"

"Oh, mamma, mamma! Don't little CLEAN—*white—guinea-pigs* have souls?"

Seventeen and Fifty.

Increase Mather, in 1697, wrote to Michael Wiggleston, minister at Maiden, and author of "The Day of Doom," "with reference unto a matter wherein yourself is concerned. The report is that you are designing to marry your servant mayd, and that she is one of obscure parentage, and not twenty years old, and of no church, and not so much as baptized." He argues the point with his clerical friend with faithfulness and charming simplicity. Considering her youth, and his age and great bodily infirmities, it will be a great grief to his relations, his days will be shortened, the ministry will be blamed, and the mouths of the carnal ones will be opened. But to marry one so much his inferior! "The like was never seen in N. E. Nay, I question whether the like has been known in the Christian world." He is entreated to put the ignoble object out of his sight, and to look up for supplies of grace that he may be able to overcome these temptations. The girl was seventeen, and he was fifty. It is quite refreshing to learn that Dr. Mather's advice and warning had the same result which outside interference in matrimonial schemes has to-day. The indiscreet lover married the girl forthwith and she doubtless made him an excellent wife. She died at the age of twenty-eight, having blessed him with six children in eleven years. The marriage, so far from impairing the health and reputation of Mr. Wiggleston, doubtless contributed to both. Five years after his marriage he was offered the presidency of Harvard College—the prize now dazzling the eyes of New England scholars—and his letter declining the honor be addressed in very respectful and affectionate terms to the friend who had volunteered to advise him as to his domestic concerns.

☞ Glass is not a certain insulator against electrical charges. An electrical coil has lately been made in London which sends the lightning spark through five inches of solid glass.

☞ When is a boat like a pile of snow? When it's a-drift.

THE GIRL FOR ME.

Just fair enough to be pretty,
Just gentle enough to be sweet,
Just saucy enough to be witty,
Just dainty enough to be neat.

Just tall enough to be graceful,
Just slight enough for a fay,
Just dressy enough to be tasteful,
Just merry enough to be gay.

Just tears enough to be tender,
Just sighs enough to be sad,
Tones soft enough to remember,
Your heart through their cadence made glad.

Just meek enough for submission,
Just bold enough to be brave,
Just pride enough for ambition,
Just thoughtful enough to be grave.

A tongue that can talk without harming,
Just mischief enough to tease,
Manners pleasant enough to be charming,
That put you at once at your ease.

Disdain to put down presumption,
Sarcasm to answer a fool,
Contempt enough shown to assumption,
Proper dignity always the rule.

Flights of fair fancy ethereal,
Devotion to science full paid,
Stuff of the sort of material
Of which really good housewives are made.

Generous enough to be kind-hearted,
Pure as the angels above—
Oh! from her may I never be parted,
For such is the maiden I love.

"Not Worth a Straw."

Perhaps a straw is not as worthless as you think. Let us see. Straws are the stems of wheat, rye, oats, and barley. In order to wave to and fro in the wind, and yet bear up the heads of grain, they must be both *light* and *strong*. Let us see how lightness is secured. They are made hollow, you see, like quills; and yet not hollow through the whole length, for every now and then we find a knob or joint, which helps to brace up the sides and makes them strong. The straw outside is hard and looks shiny, as if it had been polished. It *is* polished, and that keeps the weather and the insects from it, besides adding to its strength. Polish! but where does it get polish? God gave these plants the power of drawing up through their roots this gummy sort of varnish from the earth. It is flint. There is nothing like it on the stem of the sweet-pea or the currant bush, because they do not need it. But does it not show God's wisdom and knowledge in giving this power to one plant where it is needed, and withholding it from others where it is not? So you see that a straw even can show the wonderful power of our Creator, God, and speak His praise.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Humor of Farming.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

There is some humor connected with farming. The newspapers inform me that I own a model farm, and that I derive a large profit from farming. So I do. But it is a profit in the higher faculties, and not in the pocket. A gentleman from Baltimore wrote to me as follows:

"Dear Sir:—I see by the papers that your farm netted you last year thirty-six thousand dollars. Will you tell me what crops you raise, and what is your method? I have a farm of two hundred acres near this city, and I have never yet been able to make it pay expenses. Will you tell me how I can make it as profitable as yours?"

I replied (though I never sent it), "Dear Sir: Don't change a particle. Keep on just as you have done, and your farm and mine will be as like as two peas. Your farm is already just as profitable as mine. Truly yours."

It is a matter of surprise how much money may be buried in a small piece of ground. Indeed, many gentlemen *are* surprised. Simple as a smiling piece of ground looks, as it lies before your contemplative eyes, it will prove a match for your cunning. To drain it (and every piece of ground, wet or dry, should be underlaid with drain-tile), to deepen it (and no farm except mere sand is well ploughed that has not been mellowed eighteen inches deep), to gather off the stones, to dig out boulders, and blast the rocks, to lay boundary walls, to enrich the whole with abundance of manure, but above all, to do a goodly amount of grading, will prevent any man from hoarding his money. Then one must take account of work done twice and thrice over, because you did not know how to do it right the first time. Drains two feet deep, that must go down four feet; trees set where you don't want them and moved to where you don't want them either, and moved again; fancy crops, by which I mean crops from seeds for which you pay extravagant prices, whose yield is in an inverse ratio to the descriptions upon which you bought; these, together with experimental manure, and new machines for saving labor, and newer machines, and machines still newer, will give one an agreeable relaxation if he is fond of spending his money.

But if a man is conceited, and desires to be brought to a realizing sense of his proper place in creation, I advise him to attempt grading. Grading is the art of recreating the world. It makes valleys where nature made hills. It makes hills where the ages have made valleys. It changes a northern slope into a southern one. It smooths off the undulating face of grounds, as a flat-iron takes out the wrinkles and creases of a sheet or table-cloth. One has no idea how thoroughly the world was made until he undertakes to remake it. I never admired hills as much as since I made a small one. I got it up about four feet high, and stopped! It was a good lesson. I now look with an increased respect upon the neighboring hills. I had before no conception of what it cost to make them.

Curious Effects of Pine Trees on the Soil.

A remarkable instance of the effect of pine trees on the soil in which they grow has been published in the Woods and Waters Reports of the north of France. A forest near Valenciennes, comprising about eighteen hundred acres of scrub and stunted oak and birch, was grubbed up in 1843, and replaced by Scotch firs (*pinus sylvestris*). The soil, composed of silicious sands mingled with a small quantity of clay, was in some places very wet; it contained two or three springs, from one of which flowed a small stream. The firs succeeded beyond expectation, and large handsome stems now grow vigorously over the whole ground. It was in the early stages of their growth that the remarkable effect above referred to was noticed. The soil began to dry; the snipes that once frequented the place migrated to a more congenial locality; the ground became drier and drier, until at last the springs and the stream ceased to flow. Deep trenches were dug to lay open the sources of the springs, and discover the cause of the drying up; but nothing was found except that the roots of the firs had penetrated the earth to a depth of five or six feet. Borings were then made; and six feet below the source of the spring, a bed of water was met with of considerable depth, from which, it was inferred, the spring had formerly been fed. But in what way its level had been lowered by the action of the firs could not be determined, and is still a matter of speculation. But the fact remains, and may be utilised by any one interested in tree culture. For years it has been turned to account in Gascony, where the lagoons that intersect the sandy *dunes* have been dried up by planting the *Pinus maritimus* along their margin. Hence we may arrive at the conclusion that while leafy trees feed springs, and maintain the moisture of the soil, the contrary function is reserved for spine or needle-bearing trees, which dry the soil, and improve its quality. Our War Office might perhaps do well to take note thereof, seeing that the forts now building at the mouth of the Medway show a tendency to sink into the soft marshy soil. If the ground can be consolidated by plantations of the maritime pine, it would be good economy to have them planted.—*Chambers's London Journal.*

Charcoal on Flowers.

A correspondent of the *Revue Horticole* says that not long ago he made a bargain for a rose-bush of magnificent growth and full of buds. He waited for them to blow, and expected roses worthy of such a noble plant and of the praises bestowed on it by the vender, but when it bloomed all his hopes were blasted. The flowers were of a faded hue, and he discovered that he had only a middling multiflora, stale colored enough. He therefore resolved to sacrifice it to some experiments which he had in view. His attention had been directed to the effects of charcoal as stated in some English publications. He then covered the earth in the pot in which the rose-bush was, about half an inch deep with pulverized charcoal. Some days after he was astonished to see those which bloomed of as fine a lively rose-color as he could wish. He determined to repeat the experiment, and therefore, when the rose-bush had done flowering, he took off charcoal and put fresh earth about the roots, and waited for the next spring impatiently to see the result of this experiment. When it bloomed the roses were at first pale and discolored, but by applying the charcoal as before, they soon assumed their rosy-red color. He then tried the powdered charcoal in large quantities upon petunias, and found that both the white and violet colored flowers were equally sensitive to its action. It always gave great vigor to the red or violet colors, and the white petunias became veined with red or violet tints; the violets became covered with irregular spots of a bluish or almost black tint. Many persons who admired them thought they were choice new varieties from the seed. Yellow flowers appear to be insensible to the influence of charcoal.

Trees and Rain.

A sugar grower, in the Sandwich Islands, having suffered seriously from drought, resolved, the San Francisco Bulletin says, to plant trees on the mountains adjoining his plantation. Fifty thousand forest trees were set out in 1860, and at this time no inconvenience is experienced from lack of rain water. Cisterns holding 30,000 barrels of water have been constructed, and in this way, though there are no streams for irrigation, destructive droughts are insured against. A flourishing sugar plantation has been formed on a dry plain, which, without this expedient, would have been useless.

Zinc Labels.

At a meeting of the Institute of Technology, held in Boston, Hon. M. P. Wilder made a statement relative to a new method of labelling trees, accidentally discovered by him. In the use of zinc labels, which were the most durable in character, an indelible ink was used; but not having the ink at hand on one occasion, he wrote upon the zinc with a lead pencil. This writing, although it could be rubbed off when first made, grew more distinct and durable with age, and after several years could not be erased except by scraping.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 7, 8, 20, 1, 16, 14, 4, is a river in Louisiana.
My 2, 19, 8, 21, 20, is a country in Europe.
My 12, 1, 11, 23, 29, is a country in Asia.
My 5, 18, 17, 22, 9, 12, 27, is an island in the Mediterranean.
My 20, 22, 3, 13, is a county in Maine.
My 10, 24, 28, 17, is a parish in Louisiana.
My 6, 23, 28, 26, 13, 1, is a city in Germany.
My 15 is a letter of the alphabet.
My whole is the name and place of residence of a subscriber to THE POST. S. A. B.

Enigma.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 3, 14, 7, 2, 9, is a river in Missouri.
My 23, 16, 18, 6, 17, 1, is a city in Europe.
My 25, 24, 5, is a lake in Minnesota.
My 12, 22, 20, 6, is a town in Mexico.
My 8, 11, 13, 4, is an island in the Mediterranean Sea.
My 21, 15, 3, 17, 9, is a river in France.
My 10, 20, 12, 19, is an island in the St. Lawrence river.
My whole is a true saying.

Albert Lea, Minn. J. C. ROSS.

Problem.

A and B put out at interest sums amounting to $2,400. A's rate of interest was one per cent. more than B's; his yearly interest was five-sixths of B's; and at the end of 10 years his principal and simple interest amounted to five-sevenths of B's. What sum had each at interest, and at what rate?

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

There are two bodies, each a cubic foot; one is three times as heavy as the other; but when each is weighed in water, one weighs only ¼ as much as the other. What is the weight of each body?

J. B. SANDERS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

A piece of board, 12 inches wide at one end and 8 inches at the other, with a length of twelve feet, is to be divided or cut into two pieces, so that each piece will contain one half of the area contained in the whole board. WILLAUGHBY BARRETT.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is the difference between Noah's ark and an archbishop? Ans.—Noah's ark was a very high ark, but an archbishop was a hierarch.

☞ Why is a camel the most irascible animal in the world? Ans.—Because he always has his back up.

☞ Why are cats like Minie balls? Ans.—They mutilate (mew till late.)

☞ What ship is always laden with knowledge? Ans.—Scholarship.

☞ If you were an invalid, and you went by Sir John Falstaff in the street, why ought you to be condoled with? Ans.—Because you would not have passed a good Knight.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Pocahontas and John Smith.

RECEIPTS.

CORN BEER.—Take a pint of corn, boil it until soft, and add to it a gallon of water sweetened with a pint of brown sugar. Cork it tightly and set it in a warm place, and put into it a *small quantity* of yeast if the weather is cold. In warm weather omit the yeast. Add a few roots of bruised ginger, and a few sliced lemons. The same corn will answer for a year. When you pour out a pitcherful of beer, put in one of sweetened water.

BLACKBERRY WINE.—The following is said to be an excellent receipt for the manufacture of superior wine from blackberries: Measure your berries and bruise them, to every gallon adding one quart of boiling water; let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask, to every gallon adding two pounds of sugar; cork tight, and let stand till the following October, and you will have wine ready for use, without any further straining or boiling, that will make lips smack as they never smacked, under similar influence before.

BAKED PEARS.—Take half a dozen fine pears; peel, cut them in halves, and take out the cores, put them into a pan with a little red wine and some cloves, half a pound of sugar and some water; set them in a moderate oven till tender, then put them on a slow fire to stew gently; add grated lemon-peel, and more sugar, if necessary; they will be sufficiently red.

CORN STARCH PUDDING.—Stir three or four tablespoonfuls of starch into a pint of boiling milk, and when quite thick take it from the fire and set it aside to cool. Then mix with it half a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, and eight eggs beaten separately and light, and beat all well together. Season with essence of lemon.

KEMPTON PUDDING.—One pint of sour milk; half a cup of cream; one egg; one cup of blueberries; a little salt and saleratus; flour enough to make a stiff batter; steam two hours.

FROZEN PEACHES.—Pare and slice close. Beat rich cream (or condensed milk) with powdered sugar and white of an egg, first beaten to froth. Put peaches in freezer, pour prepared cream over. Leave as in making ice-cream. A delicious dish.

BOTTLE CEMENT FOR WINES AND CORDIALS.—Take half-pound of black resin, half-pound of red sealing-wax, and a quarter of an ounce of beeswax. Melt them all together in a pipkin, or iron pot. When it froths up before all is melted, stir it with a tallow-candle, which will settle the froth until all is melted and fit for use.

☞ TREES.—A paper was recently read before the Academy of Sciences, at Toulouse, France, to prove that the trunks of trees are not of a circular but of an elliptical form, the axis from east to west being longer than that from north to south.—The names of eight distinguished observers of the operations of nature are given as supporting the fact mentioned.